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IN THE DUEL between Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover it is but the truth that the Governor of New York has forced the fighting and taken the lead, as almost every newspaper poll shows. The poll conducted by the Des Moines *Register,* a pro-Hoover paper, in the customarily safe State of Iowa is especially significant. Governor Roosevelt has so far received 13,954 votes, while Mr. Hoover has received only 9,187—a result particularly interesting in view of the fact that the regular Republican Senatorial candidate is leading his Democratic rival. The Hoover regime is not popular even in Iowa. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt has shown greater ability and frankness than had been expected of him, and his political sagacity is to be rated much higher than heretofore. His speeches, too, have been more effective, his political sparring keener than anticipated. Thus, he has made skilful use of the bad break made by one of the Hoover Cabinet members and a prominent Republican Senator, in accusing him, on the same day, of talking dangerous radical nonsense and of merely filching all his ideas from the President. Plainly the Republican attack is completely groggy, as is well evidenced by the descent of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke to declaring that the Governor has made "wilfully false" statements in all but one or two of his speeches, and has made his campaign one of "intellectual dishonesty." Again, the original Republican attack has broken down because it was to have been a fusillade against Governor Roosevelt's "radicalism." The Governor having proved that this is nonexistent to the extent of being charged with stealing Mr. Hoover's clothes, and, by the ineffable Mark Sullivan, with being so conservative as to have dampened Senator Norris's enthusiasm for him (this on the day it was announced that Senator Norris is to stump the country for Roosevelt on behalf of a new Progressive Roosevelt League), the Republicans have had to change all their tactics while crossing the stream. Even in Los Angeles, the New York *Herald Tribune* states, the Governor was received with a tremendous demonstration from some 250,000 spectators, while the New York *Times* reports that important Republican leaders privately concede California, Oregon, and Washington to him. The only hope now left to the Republicans lies in Mr. Hoover's three forthcoming speeches—a slim one, indeed.

THE DEFEAT OF SENATOR BLAINE and Governor Philip La Follette in the Wisconsin Republican primary is a hard blow to liberals everywhere, even if one finds the explanation in the great increase in the Democratic primary balloting. How significant the latter was appears clearly when one notes that in Sheboygan County there were 152 Democratic votes in 1930 while there were 3,249 cast this year. In Door County the figures are even more striking: 25 Democratic votes in 1930 and 3,200 this year. Apparently the Democrats have been voting in the Republican primary as Progressives heretofore, and now propose to put over their own candidates. If that is the case, there is very little in the conservative Republican victory to cause any rejoicing in the White House, especially if the prevailing feeling against everyone in office contributed to the result. It now remains to be seen what the La Follette Progressives will do. We earnestly hope that Senator Blaine, at least, will run independently for Senator and thus assure the defeat of John B. Chapple, the thirty-two-year-old editor who won in the primary. It would be a national misfortune if Mr. Chapple should reach the Senate, for his mentality is a cross between that of the most reactionary D. A. R. and that of Hamilton Fish. To call him a Fascist would be an insult to the Fascists. In addition he is vindictive and vituperative to a degree—a demagogue whose career should be ended at its beginning.

THE GENERAL QUESTION of the future of the La Follette brothers now demands an answer. Their adversaries' charge that they are not genuine Republicans is obviously true, if your genuine Republican means Herbert Hoover, Andrew Mellon, or Simeon Fess. They are certainly bound to be more at home in the same party with Franklin Roosevelt. But even the platform of the Governor is by no means thoroughgoing or radical enough to satisfy the La Follettes. If, however, they definitely leave the Republican Party they must expect to be in private life for some time to come, and they will face the enormously difficult task of creating an entirely new political machine. Yet, with the liberal forces the country over demanding a new alignment

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and a new leadership, it seems a pity that these useful and able brothers cannot steel themselves to do what their father did in 1924—create a new party to carry the banner of progress. Indeed, had the elder Senator La Follette not died so soon after the 1924 campaign, we believe that it would have been possible to keep the party alive and make it the dominating factor in the present election. But the Senator La Follette of today is not letting the public know where he stands; whereas Senator Norris refuses to vote for Hoover and tells everybody, "Young Bob" has kept silent. Now, if he comes out for Roosevelt, he will be charged with bolting out of revenge, which merely proves again the mistake he made in not taking an unequivocal stand against Hoover in the beginning. Indeed, the whole Republican Progressive group has cut a very poor figure in this campaign, with the exception of Senator Johnson of California, who has vigorously and properly denounced the Hoover Administration as totally unfit, and, of course, Senator Norris. As for Senator Borah, sitting back in Idaho and declaring he has been disfranchised because both major parties are anti-prohibition, he is a sight for the gods.

CONNECTICUT'S REPUBLICANS have not helped the Hoover candidacy by renominating Hiram Bingham for United States Senator and passing resolutions calling for the immediate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and immediate modification of the Volstead Act. The "party of moral principles" is pretty badly off when it has to renominate a man who has been officially censured by his colleagues of the United States Senate for his shameless conduct in introducing into the Senate Finance Committee an employee of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, palming him off as an employee of his own, and is the most disliked and unpopular man in the Senate of the United States today. As for its liquor stand, the party shows its small regard for Mr. Hoover's intricate and laborious straddling by taking the exact position of the Democratic National Convention on this issue. Is not this treason both to the President and the national party? The Connecticut organization has gone out of its way to demonstrate its reactionary character by refusing to support old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, and the forty-eight-hour law for women in industry, or to do anything in the direction of remedying the shocking factory conditions in the State. Outside of the Presidency, there is nothing more important than that so unrighteous a servant of his State, Hiram Bingham, should be retired to private life, and we note with satisfaction that clergymen have taken the lead in putting a bolting Republican Party into the field, while the Socialists have nominated Devere Allen, lately of the staff of *The Nation,* for the Senatorship.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER is entitled to credit for having proposed a plan for State liquor-traffic control, following the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Undoubtedly some will sneer at him for assuming that the Eighteenth Amendment is within reasonable sight of being repealed. On the contrary, we think he is entitled to high praise for sitting down and planning what should happen when prohibition goes, for we have repeatedly pointed out that it is a weakness of the anti-prohibitionists that they cannot unite on any scheme, but have merely talked vaguely about the Quebec plan or the Swedish or Norwegian systems. It will take a precious lot of thinking to devise any plan which will suit America and not be subject to gross abuses. In the first place, Mr. Butler pays his respects to Mr. Hoover by saying truthfully that "it is quite idle to talk of a federal guaranty against the 'return' of the saloon." His constructive suggestion is a State liquor-traffic authority, created as a corporation, to follow the general lines of the Quebec act, and to be vested with full and complete power to control the manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquor within, for example, the State of New York. All private or corporate profits from liquor he would exclude. He would make hard liquor costly, and light wines and beer very cheap, and he would "define with great care the sort of place where liquor could be sold to be drunk on the premises." Any political community or unit that so desired might, under Mr. Butler's plan, forbid altogether the sale of liquor to be drunk where purchased. As a basis for discussion President Butler's proposal is well worth careful study.

THE HAITIAN SENATE has refused to confirm the proposed new treaty with Haiti. That is good news, for, as we pointed out in our issue of September 21, that treaty contains ties which would, if accepted, keep the Haitians in servitude to us indefinitely. That the treaty's main motive is to preserve and enforce the payment of the debt to the National City Bank of New York, which debt was forced upon the Haitians and conferred no real material benefit upon them, is perfectly plain. Now the Haitian Senate, eagerly as all the Haitians desire a definite settlement with the United States, has refused to accept the treaty despite the bait offered, and the State Department must begin over again. We sincerely hope that this time it will live up to Secretary Stimson's assertion of February 15 that the government of the United States has not guaranteed the National City's loan in any way and that it does not intend to do so now.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of the obstructionist nature of American diplomacy was given when the State Department served notice on the League of Nations that the League's plan for the reconstruction of Liberia was unsatisfactory. The department declares that the League plan does not vest adequate authority in the chief adviser who is to be appointed to Liberia; still dominated by a Haiti complex, it demands the appointment of a virtual dictator. The League of Nations is thoroughly justified in refusing to resort to the interventionist methods of the State Department; it must respect the independence of its member states. On the other hand, it is folly for the United States to impose a veto upon a reconstruction plan for which the League is willing to accept complete responsibility. Unless the department withdraws its veto, the League will wash its hands of Liberia, and this country will then be confronted with an effort to apply what we had hoped was a discarded interventionist policy to the coasts of Africa. Another difficulty seems to have arisen over the nationality of the chief adviser. Apparently the leading Powers wish to appoint a Belgian to this position—an appointment which we frankly believe would be a mistake. The Liberians are unfamiliar with Latin culture or the French language; their cultural ties

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are with the United States. From the outset a Belgian would have extreme difficulty in understanding and gaining the confidence of the Liberian people. Certainly the League would be justified in refusing to appoint a State Department official to the position of chief adviser, but it is a mistake for it to assume that all Americans would be interested primarily in maintaining the predominant position of the United States or of protecting the Firestone interests in this unhappy republic. There are a dozen Americans who, by virtue of their association with the Negroes of this country, would be far more suitable for the position of chief adviser than a Belgian acquainted only with colonial problems, and who also would be conscientious in guarding both Liberia's independence and the prestige of the League of Nations.

MUSSOLINI IS POWERFUL. Mussolini is formidable. But Mussolini is no match for Margaret Sanger, who has been spreading the word of birth control in Italy this summer under his very nose. True, Mrs. Sanger resorted to subterfuge. Being unable to storm the shores of Italy as Margaret Sanger, she slipped in unobtrusively as the wife of her husband, J. Noah H. Slee. True, also, Mrs. Slee did not get into Rome. But she managed to hold many private meetings on birth control in other cities. In Venice and Milan, she told the reporters who met her on her triumphant return:

> . . . I had more demand for secret lectures before women's clubs than I could supply. In spite of Mussolini's opposition to birth control, I noticed that there was a great underground movement for it in his country, which has undoubtedly been responsible for the astonishing fact that the birth-rate has fallen there this year.

We should enjoy seeing the anger of Premier Mussolini when he finds out that Margaret Sanger has accomplished a successful march on Italy despite all his precautions. We find altogether satisfying the humor and fearlessness with which Mrs. Sanger continues to defy dictators, whether they operate from the Post Office in Washington or a palace in Rome.

PROFESSOR PICCARD having gone ten miles up into the stratosphere, our own William Beebe now retorts by going down more than two thousand feet under the sea in a strange contraption which he calls a "bathysphere"; and of the two achievements it is Mr. Beebe's repartee which interests us the most. Being laymen, we are still a little bit vague as to just what it was that Professor Piccard found way up there where there is practically nothing at all, but even we are intrigued by the description of the strange fishes which were seen in the stranger phosphorescent light deeper under the sea than man has ever penetrated before. We could, if we liked, make various satiric observations. We could ask, for example, why man should want to get so far above the earth and so far under the earth when it is obvious that he is quite incapable of properly managing the affairs which take place on its surface. Instead, however, we shall break down and confess that we are pleased with Mr. Beebe's achievement, that we should like to see the odd creatures of the depths, that we rather envy him his adventure, and that we think him a very useful and entertaining American.

Gandhi Succeeds

A LITTLE brown naked man lies in a bare prison yard, and by his simple refusal to eat brings two warring classes of his countrymen together and the proud Empire to terms. It seems incredible, but it is true. Gandhi's readiness to die of starvation has achieved this result on the sixth day of his fast, and the British government, whose India office worked Sunday and Sunday night lest Gandhi die suddenly, has agreed to revise that portion of its recent communal plan which provided for separate electorates for the depressed classes. When ever before did a political prisoner behind the bars achieve anything like this by a simple readiness to die rather than to accept what he considered an intolerable award? What clearer example have we ever had of the ability of a great spirit to make the imprisonment of his body seem supremely ridiculous?

Beginning with his adoption many years ago of an "untouchable" child, Gandhi has steadily fought to wipe out what he considers the greatest blot on Hinduism, and his fast was but the logical continuation of his battle against the principle of "untouchability." He and the Congress Party have favored the democratic ideal of one electorate with suffrage extended to all adult Indians regardless of sex, race, occupation, and faith, but with legislative seats reserved for minorities. The British award, contrary to the advice of three separate British commissions in India, established for provincial elections twelve separate electorates based on religion, race, and occupation. But worst of all to Gandhi was the setting apart of the "untouchables" into a separate electorate. Gandhi is not opposed, as MacDonald has accused him of being, to representation for the "untouchables." On the contrary, the new compromise, providing for a joint electorate for all Hindus, reserves 148 seats for depressed-class representatives instead of the 71 designated in the British award. What he does oppose, "unto death" if necessary, is the setting apart of "untouchables," thereby, in his opinion, freezing into permanence social and racial prejudices which are at last beginning to break down after years of propaganda.

Gandhi's protest was directed not only against the British government but against certain sections of Indian opinion who accepted the award—including Dr. Ambedkar, himself an "untouchable," who has now, however, agreed to the new compromise. The communal problem in India, not only as it affects the "untouchables" but as it touches the Hindu-Moslem situation, goes as deep as our own Negro problem. It is probable that only a gesture as deeply significant to all Indians as the possibility of Gandhi's death could have brought about, for instance, the resolution just adopted by a conference of high-caste Hindu leaders that henceforth "untouchables" will receive their full rights and be permitted to enter all temples, schools, and other public places. It is very probable that his actual martyrdom would bring the Hindu and the Moslem to terms with each other. But the surge of emotion that would bring that about would also sweep the British out of India. It was the part of imperial wisdom for the government to agree to the new compromise in its essentials and end the hunger strike which threatened Gandhi's life.

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The Answer to Germany

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S statement on September 20 urging Germany to continue its participation in the work of the Geneva arms conference was a statesmanlike appeal, which may assist in breaking the Franco-German deadlock. Apparently this statement was issued to contradict Paris dispatches to the effect that Ambassador Edge and Senator Reed had given assurances to Premier Herriot that the United States supported the French position in regard to the German plea for equality. It would be manifestly improper for any American representatives to give assurances which would be interpreted in Paris as establishing a Franco-American entente against Germany. From this standpoint President Hoover was justified in saying that the United States was not a party to the Treaty of Versailles and that the German arms problem was "solely a European question." Nevertheless, in pleading with Germany to remain at the arms conference and in emphasizing the desire of the United States to reduce armaments "of the world, step by step," the President threw his full support behind the position that the only sound means of meeting the German plea for equality was for the rest of the world to disarm. In opposing the rearmament of Germany, while in effect admitting that the German plea for equality is well founded, the French, British, and American governments have committed themselves more strongly than ever before to concrete reduction when the Geneva conference reconvenes. We hope that the Papen-Schleicher Government will be intelligent enough to realize that it has thus won a victory, and that it will take part in the meetings of the conference bureau.

There are a number of signs that the present French government, in contrast to its predecessors, is willing to accept an immediate measure of armament reduction. The new spirit which appears to be dominating French foreign policy was indicated last July at Lausanne when the Herriot Government virtually agreed to wipe out all reparations. There is considerable evidence, moreover, that France will abandon its alleged entente with Japan and join the United States in taking a strong stand against the recognition of Manchukuo. In his Marne-anniversary speech of September 11 Premier Herriot praised Secretary Stimson's recent address upon the anti-war pact, and declared that France had received the Hoover arms proposal of last June "with the most sincere respect and that it had studied and was studying this proposal in order to associate itself in an effective manner with such a remarkable initiative." Of equal significance the nationalist Paris *Temps* is publishing a series of editorials stressing the necessity of reorganizing the military establishment of France partly on the ground that the present financial burden of this establishment is "insupportable."

In view of this new attitude, the outlook at Geneva would seem considerably better than in the past, provided Germany—and Soviet Russia—will only be patient for a few months longer. Whether or not Germany returns to Geneva, the Allied Powers and the United States should proceed to find a formula for reduction. The simplest way to start is to agree to abolish the weapons which have been denied by the peace treaties to Germany and the Central Powers. The Allied Powers and the United States should undertake to abolish all battleships above 10,000 tons, submarines, military aviation, tanks, long-range artillery, and poison gas. By such a step they would at once place themselves upon the same status as Germany in the matter of "aggressive weapons," and would also make possible enormous savings.

Secondly, the Powers at Geneva must agree to some reduction, perhaps 20 per cent, in the number of their effectives. The Germans, however, cannot reasonably ask the French at once to reduce their army to 100,000 men—the present German level—because of the fact that the greater number of French soldiers are conscripts and hence individually inferior to the German professional type. This problem of finding a system of measuring the comparative value of a professional and a conscript soldier should not, however, prevent the French from agreeing to a 20 per cent reduction in their effectives, provided one other problem is solved. This problem arises out of the existence of huge, vociferous "private armies" in Germany, such as the Steel Helmets, the veterans' organization, and the Hitler storm troops. French public opinion is unanimous in declaring that these "private armies" should be taken into account in measuring the actual military strength of the Reich. For many years, moreover, the French press has charged that the Germans are concealing huge armaments and munition dumps, in violation of the peace treaties. Although many of these charges sound utterly fantastic, they continue to be reiterated, thus poisoning Franco-German relations as much as any other single issue.

Fundamentally, the dissolution of the German "private armies" depends upon the growth of pacifist sentiment in Germany, which in turn depends upon economic improvement and a rapprochement with France. Nevertheless, we believe that France is justified in raising the question of "secret armaments" and of "private armies" if it will carry this principle to a logical conclusion. Obviously no agreement abolishing aggressive weapons will be effective if private firms in any country remain free to manufacture such arms; obviously no agreement reducing the size of regular armies will be effective if governments remain free to organize subsidiary military forces. For this reason an armament treaty must place all private munition manufacture under severe control, as well as limit such bodies as the Fascist militia, the British territorial army, the National Guard of the United States, and, most important of all, the trained reserves of countries continuing conscription. We believe France should be supported in its position on the German private armies only if France is willing to permit the international regulation of its trained reserves. Previous French governments have adamantly refused to allow these reserves to be restricted by any reduction agreement. The test whether the French government today is dominated by a new international spirit will depend upon whether it is willing to reconsider this position. If so, the prospect of satisfactorily settling the Franco-German military problem, upon which the fate of the Geneva conference depends, will brighten considerably.

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Roosevelt's Economics

WHATEVER may be thought of the specific proposals in Governor Roosevelt's recent series of speeches outlining his policies, the Governor is to be commended for his relative courage and straightforwardness in elaborating a constructive program, even if sometimes a vague one, when it would seem on the surface so much safer for him merely to continue to call attention to the glaring weaknesses in his opponent's policy and record.

Of the Governor's recent addresses, that on power policy is the most satisfactory. He insists on full publicity on all public-utility financial operations and on the regulation and control of holding companies by the Federal Power Commission. Of the urgent need for these policies there can be no question. His recommendation that the "reproduction-cost" theory for rate-making should be abolished by law, and that the "actual-money, prudent-investment principle" should be adopted in place of it, is more dubious. The situation here is curious, and in some ways ironic. For a period of twenty-five years there was a rising world-price level, and in the war and early post-war periods this rise became violent. Consequently it was in the interests of the public-utility companies, including the railroads, to argue that the valuation upon which "fair return" was based should be the current relatively high cost of reproducing the plant rather than the relatively low actual investment.

It was in the interests of those arguing for lower rates, on the other hand, to contend that the fair return should be based only on actual "prudent" investment. It was under these circumstances that Governor Roosevelt probably acquired the views that he still holds. But since 1920, and more violently since 1929, construction costs have been declining, and it now seems probable that over the next decade they will continue to decline. It has already been estimated that the American electric light and power companies, representing a cash investment of about $12,000,000,000, could be reproduced at present costs of labor and commodities for about $11,000,000,000. Under such circumstances it is likely to be in the interests of the utility companies, and not of the consumer, to have rates based on actual investment rather than reproduction-less-depreciation costs. It would hardly seem defensible that older electric power companies should be allowed to charge consumers higher rates than new companies simply because of the accident that they were erected when costs were higher. The first principle that should rule here, if private ownership is to continue, is that public-utility rates should be just sufficiently high to continue to attract the necessary amount of new capital into utilities —and no higher. With public ownership of utilities, of course, the valuation problem in its present form would disappear.

We regret that Governor Roosevelt does not go as far as we should like to see him go in the direction of public ownership and development. On the contrary, he states "categorically that as a broad general rule the development of utilities should remain, with certain exceptions, a function for private initiative and private capital." Nevertheless, the exceptions he names are highly important. They include the St. Lawrence development, Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and the Columbia River development. These the Governor would keep as constant models to set standards for judging private ownership, and in addition he would hold the possibility of publicly owned and operated utilities constantly in reserve as a weapon and a recourse whenever private ownership proved unsatisfactory. This position is so far ahead of that of Mr. Hoover that there is no comparison.

Mr. Roosevelt's second speech on the tariff at Seattle is much less satisfactory. In general tone and attitude, it is true, it is also much in advance of President Hoover's policy, for where the President affects to see foreign countries merely as competitors seeking to drown us in the products of sweated labor, Mr. Roosevelt at least sees them constantly as potential customers. The policy he actually proposes for dealing with the matter, however, is far from promising. He is for "tariff by negotiations," which means "to deal with *each* country concerned [our italics] on a basis of fair barter. If they have something we need and we have something they need a tariff agreement should be made satisfactory to both." The Governor seems never to have heard of the "most-favored-nation" treaties, which make it impossible for us to grant low tariff rates to one country without granting them to practically all. Waiving this rather important point, does the Governor mean that we should make separate treaties with fifty-odd nations, involving tariff rates on thousands of separate articles, and then depend on a two-thirds' vote of the Senate in each case to get these treaties ratified? No more effective way could possibly be devised for postponing real tariff reform indefinitely.

Scott's "Social Significance"

COMMENTING in the New York *World-Telegram* on the centenary of Sir Walter Scott, Harry Hansen remarks:

> I shall read the extracts which Hugh Walpole has so carefully culled from the works of Scott. Then I shall read the inevitable deflation which I will find in the pages of *The Nation,* in which we will be told that Scott, after all, says nothing about communism, that he does not direct the mind to the social inequalities of 1932, and hence is without validity for our generation. Thus comforted, I shall place him beside Goethe—who was quietly chloroformed this spring—and resume my pilgrimage among the lusty records of the Hooverian era.

This is an unkind cut to come from a friend, and one which we cannot let pass. It is true, to be sure, that more than one contributor to *The Nation* has expressed opinions upon which this is a recognizable burlesque. It is true, that is to say, that we often permit reviewers and essayists to have their say even when that say is contrary to our own beliefs. But we thought that those of the editorial staff who concern themselves with such matters had let it be clearly known in print that they did not agree with the more enthusiastic of the Marxians in their judgment upon literary values, and that articles of the sort Mr. Hansen refers to were not to be expected as a matter of course.

Back in the days when the Genteel Tradition still ruled

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American literature we pleaded heatedly for the right of the poet or novelist to touch upon mooted social questions when he felt so disposed. Now, when a numerous, or at least vociferous, group insists that this right is an inescapable obligation, we are inclined, on the other hand, to urge the possible importance of works which do nothing of the sort. The realm of literature has always seemed to us a very inclusive realm, and we still believe that it may include plays, novels, and poems which are concerned with "the problems of the individual soul" or even with no problems at all. We believe that Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, and the rest have written significant works. But it seems to us that V. F. Calverton achieves the *reductio ad absurdum* of his own argument when he allows it to lead him to the conclusion that among contemporary American writers the only ones deserving of real esteem are Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Gold, and Mr. Harrison. We still believe that, to name two, Miss Cather and Miss Glasgow are worth reading, and that, to go further afield, Marcel Proust is not wholly contemptible—despite the fact that his acquaintance with Marx was probably slight. "Tous les genres sont bons—hors le genre ennuyant."

Fortunately we are not, like some we know, obliged periodically to readjust our opinions in accordance with those of Moscow. If we were, we should have been a little nervous upon reading the decree which was promulgated in that capital last April, and which was confessedly intended to relax somewhat the restrictions of orthodoxy in so far as they apply to educational and cultural matters. According to the reports which come, it has already resulted in the production of some works of pure imagination, and apparently it was the result of a very sensible conclusion on the part of the Communist Party that the purpose of communism was not merely to deprive the rich of their riches but to make these same riches available to the mass. But if some of the American members and camp followers of that party are not careful, they are going to find themselves more Catholic than the Pope, and—historically—that has always been a very uncomfortable position.

But to get back to Sir Walter, whom we had almost forgotten. Here we find ourselves compelled to return good for evil and to confess that on the whole we are in agreement with Mr. Hansen, who seems to cherish a mild admiration for the author of "Waverly," but who takes Mr. Walpole to task for some remarks which he would probably not have made at all if he had not been moved by that warm and generous enthusiasm which seems usually to affect those who find themselves called upon to celebrate centenaries.

To us it seems that Sir Walter failed to be first-rate, not because he was not profound about society, but because he was not profound about anything at all. He supplied excellent entertainment of a superficial sort to nearly all the literate men of his time. He still supplies first-rate entertainment of the same sort to a considerably smaller proportion of the readers of today. But whether one is charmed or bored by his work is not a matter of great importance. He is not one of the touchstones of taste. To like or to be indifferent to the kind of thing he wrote implies nothing concerning the general soundness of one's literary judgment. The day when Scott imposed himself is long past. Today any man can take him or leave him, and it ought to be no matter for public concern.

One Price of the War

THERE is something almost amusing in the indignation of some of our greatest advocates of militarism and preparedness against the American Legion because it is demanding its bonus. Among the conspicuous denouncers of the Legion are the men who were most eager to have us go into the World War, who declared that our national honor demanded it. Now, if these men knew anything—and they claimed to know so much as to be willing to condemn innumerable of our young men to death in Flanders fields—they must have known that, whatever the outcome of the war, there would be raised up an army of pension and bonus grabbers. The history of the United States tells nothing else. It is true that President Wilson and others sought to head this off by the war-risk insurance policies, but they were simple, indeed, to believe that when the army got back it would not go into politics as a body to get what money it wanted. There was the example of the Grand Army of the Republic. It held up the United States until finally pensions were voted to everybody who had served ninety days, even if he had never heard a shot fired and his disability had nothing whatever to do with the war.

But if they were not familiar with the story of the Civil War pensions, they could have looked at the Spanish War and what was happening in regard to the veterans of that conflict. Rear Admiral Sims has just described the whole business of these Spanish-American War pensions as "a steal of the nastiest kind and an outrage on the American taxpayer." Less than 20,000 men reached Cuba or its coast during the war. As the Admiral pointed out, the war lasted exactly 114 days, less than 400 men were killed, and less than 5,000 died of wounds and disease. Yet out of the 280,000 who enlisted voluntarily, for patriotic reasons, more than 227,000 are now drawing pensions, which must be pretty close to the entire number of living survivors of a war which was fought thirty-four years ago. The cost of these pensions this year is $119,000,000, and Admiral Sims announces that the new National Economy League proposes to knock $109,000,000 of this out, which will still leave enough to take care of the 20,000 worthy veterans and their dependents—he is even certain that $450,000,000 could be struck out of the $690,000,000 appropriated for the World War veterans in this fiscal year.

Now this is splendid, and we certainly shall do our best to help the National Economy League to succeed in its crusade. What we want to point out now is, however, that it is much more important for the future peace of America to stress that this is one of the inevitable results of any war in which we engage than merely to close the stable door now that so many hundred of millions, yes, actually billions, of dollars have been wasted or stolen—we think it a deliberate theft when a woman twenty years old marries an old man of eighty merely in order to draw a pension for life. Yet pensions are only one of the evil results of our entrance into the World War which have brought us to our present pass of political and social and economic depression. One might almost ask if any war was ever entered into with more superb disregard of inevitable consequences than the United States showed in 1917.

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THE POT AND THE KETTLE

On Throwing Away Your Vote

NORMAN THOMAS has put it well: "The only way to throw your vote away is to cast it for somebody you don't really want, and then get him." There are literally millions of men who despise Herbert Hoover and don't like Franklin Roosevelt who are none the less going to vote for one or the other, thus doing their best to fasten upon all of us the shackles imposed upon us by the present corrupt and worthless political parties. Never in my experience has there been so little enthusiasm for either candidate. As has been well said, almost nobody is voting for anybody in this campaign. Everybody is voting against somebody or something. But that does not advance us one single bit. The impending election of Roosevelt gives little assurance that there will be anything like far-reaching, deep-seated, and thoroughgoing grappling with the problems which confront us. Even if Franklin Roosevelt had some heroic remedies to apply—I don't deny his power proposals are good as far as they go—what guaranty is there that he would have a Congress to uphold him? I am aware, of course, that all the indications are that the Democrats will easily control both houses. But when was a Democratic President able to control his own party? Certainly never on the tariff. The tariff revision put through at the insistence of President Cleveland was ruined by a Democratic Senator, Gorman of Maryland. The Wilsonian tariff revision was also knifed in the home of its friends. Since neither party has any principles nowadays upon which all its representatives in public life stand, you never can tell what will come to pass after a party takes power. Especially is this true of the Democrats. There is no certainty whatever that a man who plumps his ballot for Roosevelt will get what he wants if he is interested in water power, or desires a radical revision of the tariff, or wants to have the farmer freed from all tariff burdens, or believes in a small army and rapid disarmament on the seas. And heaven knows what the Republican voters will get if they reelect Herbert Hoover. There are no pledges in the Republican platform that will not be violated; that is what a platform is there for, to be violated.

* * * * *

SO, I insist, the man who votes for either Hoover or Roosevelt is the one who is throwing away his vote. He is again turning the country over to the "bosses, or their owners, the great capitalists." He is again postponing the peaceful revolution which Woodrow Wilson said in 1912 was on the horizon. Look at the news from Wisconsin. There is a case of the failure of another effort to reform one of the major parties from within. How many failures have there not been since the days when the young Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt walked out of the Republican convention of 1884 and declared to Horace White that they never, never would stand for the nomination of James G. Blaine—only to decide that they would stick by their party and reform it from within. Well, forty-eight years have passed since then, nearly half a century, and the Republican Party is still nominating unfit men for the Presidency, and is not a whit better than it was in 1884. But how many efforts have there not been during that period to reform both the parties from within? Were we not assured that Woodrow Wilson would purify the Democratic Party by the greatness of his spirit and his statesmanship, and by his silver tongue? Philip La Follette has worked hard to make his branch of the Republican Party in Wisconsin the dominant one; so has his brother, and so did his father. He has gone down to defeat. What is the earthly use of his remaining in the Republican Party? I do not know how Bob La Follette is going to vote in this campaign, for he has refrained from telling the public, but I feel very sure that these two fine young men ought to be in the forefront of a radical party rather than trying to profit by working under the shadow of the name of the Republican Party, from which spiritually and politically they are utterly separated. A vote for the Republican nominees in Wisconsin will certainly be throwing away one's vote.

* * * * *

THE only way to make one's vote really count in the coming election is to cast it for a new and square deal. Throw away your vote when you put it in a box for Norman Thomas? I deny that with all possible warmth. No one can put his ballot to higher or better use than to cast it according to the highest dictates of his mind and his conscience. If one does that, one cannot throw it away. To protest against intolerable evils when they arise is the chief reason why we have the ballot. To use it in this way is not to be impractical and visionary, but in the best sense patriotic. Certainly no one can deny that we shall not take a step toward any new order with either Mr. Hoover or Governor Roosevelt in the White House; we shall merely again be asked to be content with a little patching here and a little patching there, on a machine which cannot be made to work efficiently. But a vote for Norman Thomas means another vote of protest, another serving of notice that the voter is through with both the old parties; that he wants something different, some promise that there will be a genuine attempt some day to rebuild our social and political system in a way really to return the government to the people. Let no man think that he is not going to have a lot of company if he votes for Thomas. One of the foremost practical Democratic politicians in the East has gone on record as saying that there will be at least three million votes for Norman Thomas in November. If that is the case, it will be a protest vote which will make both the old parties sit up and take notice, and encourage those who desire a third liberal party without the Socialist name.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

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Jimmy Walker*

By NORMAN THOMAS and PAUL BLANSHARD

JAMES JOSEPH WALKER and William Hale Thompson are the two greatest wonders of American city politics. Thompson was the greatest political clown in the United States. But Thompson never attained the personal popularity of Jimmy. Jimmy did not need to "bust King George on the snoot" or carry around a cage full of rats bearing his opponents' names. He was his own show. He was one of the most adroit and charming campaigners that this country has ever produced. His popularity in New York was based upon the solid foundation of good public speaking, quick wit, and a real personal warmth.

Walker was a machine-made mayor, but almost equally he was a press-made mayor. He was "good copy for the boys," and shrewd men know that the sheer weight of publicity is the important initial factor in creating a political hero in America. Walker knew how to use his commanding position as mayor to win that publicity. The reporters liked him because he was easy and warm-hearted and lent them money and thought of something to say that would fill an assignment. They swallowed his every utterance, for the most part uncritically, and gave him front-page headlines.

The average New Yorker, reading only headlines in the newspaper, judged Walker by those headlines. The newspaper editorial writers might try to undo the work of the headlines by commenting soberly on civic problems, but the subway strap-hanger did not read the editorials. Moreover, until the *World-Telegram* entered the field, Walker was not faced with the kind of blistering day-to-day exposure that was necessary to destroy his popularity with the common voter. The old *World* and the new *Herald Tribune* were intelligently hostile, but the *Times,* New York's most influential paper, did not take the initiative against Walker. It waited until someone else did the exposing. And, as always, Hearst was incalculably crafty, preaching high civic morality while backing Walker and his gang by every journalistic artifice. Hearst's hand was apparently the guiding one in Walker's final resignation, for it was Hearst who made him believe that his vindication at the polls would be overwhelming.

Walker's prestige was increased by the mediocrity of the men around him. The borough presidents who sat on the board with him were colorless and obedient, voting like automatons for the administration measures after the usual log-rolling for their district interests. Probably the most colorless and obedient of all was the nominal Republican, George U. Harvey of Queens, who worked hand in glove with Walker on almost every Tammany measure, and even introduced the resolution which raised Walker's salary from $25,000 to $40,000 a year.

Walker handled his powers as mayor with the utmost carelessness. On all the occasions when we visited the Board of Estimate during his administration he was never once on time. Quite commonly he was an hour late for the opening of the session, although his presiding over this board was the most important duty of his office, and often the most pressing legislative matters had to be held up until his arrival. Likewise in our experience we have never known him to take less than an hour and a half for luncheon, even while sweating crowds were standing up in the board chambers waiting for his return. When he did arrive he often scolded a citizen who was protesting against some measure for taking one minute over his allotted five minutes. His tact and charm were not always evident in the legislative chamber. Often he appeared so tired and cross from his labors of the previous day or night that he hardly seemed to know what was going on. He was savage and coarse in shouting down (through his loud speaker) many a luckless citizen who aroused his anger.

Walker came to the mayoralty through steady promotion at the hands of his Tammany colleagues. His father had been a Tammany alderman, assemblyman, and leader of the old Ninth Ward. In his youth Jimmy wanted to be an actor, and this aspiration explains a large part of his conduct as an adult. At Albany, where he served for fifteen years in the legislature, Jimmy Walker revealed two qualities necessary for political success. He always voted with the machine and he made a host of warm personal friends. In personality and conduct he was the antithesis of the dulness and routine of legislative life at Albany. He dressed boldly, drank gaily, and fought for the freedom of sports. He gradually became known as a warm-hearted "regular fellow." His party finally chose him as its leader in the Senate, a post usually occupied by a rising young subordinate of the machine who can be trusted to have no mind of his own in serious matters. It was from this post that Tammany promoted him to City Hall, with the potent help of Alfred E. Smith.

After the stupidities of the Hylan administration, the city and Tammany Hall gave a sigh of relief when a personable and plausible mayor moved into City Hall. Hylan, who had been forced on the Democratic organization by Hearst as his price for supporting the party ticket, had neither intelligence nor charm, and he was one of the most erratic mayors New York ever had. The Tammany leaders were relieved when Walker took office because they again had a man at City Hall who would obey orders, and the people were relieved because they were rid of a colorless bore. Walker promptly appointed as heads of various departments a whole string of Tammany district leaders whose qualifications for the offices consisted of loyalty to the machine and personal friendship for Jimmy. His judicial appointments, also, were machine appointments made without heed to the recommendations of bar associations. The degraded character of his administration was partly concealed by a brilliant publicity stunt, the appointment of a gigantic committee on plan and survey for the city, composed of 472 more or less distinguished members. The various activities of this gigantic committee distracted public attention for months. Subcommittees were appointed and reports were filed away; and if Walker ever read the reports, there is no evidence of it.

* An extract from a book, "What's the Matter with New York?" published October 4 by the Macmillan Company.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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Walker threw all caution to the winds in appointing Tammany district leaders and in rewarding his personal friends. In his administration eighty-five district leaders—the real political rulers of New York—sat in comfortable chairs with their feet on large desks and drew an average salary of $7,300 a year. The Mayor boosted his own salary to $40,000, almost three times the salary of a member of the President's Cabinet. The salary of his assistant, Charlie Kerrigan, was raised to $17,500. It is probable that the city paid $25,000,000 a year for the excess Tammany and Republican baggage of Walker's regime. In several cases he appointed powerful district leaders who were obviously unfit. There were, for example, James F. Geraghty of the Bronx and Charles L. Kohler.

The City Affairs Committee, in its charges against Walker in March, 1931, cited the appointment of James F. Geraghty as Commissioner of Licenses and Charles L. Kohler as Director of the Budget. During Walker's first administration the regulation of private employment agencies had become such a scandal that the State Industrial Survey Commission had recommended that the regulation be put in State hands. Walker's answer was to place in charge of the important employment bureaus a Bronx district leader, Geraghty, who, during his administration of the Division of Licensed Vehicles, had been officially condemned for incompetence by the Meyer Legislative Investigating Committee. The Meyer committee disclosed that "the administration of the Division of Licensed Vehicles of the License Department under Deputy Commissioner Geraghty not only made it a hotbed of petty graft, but that the safety of the public had been seriously menaced by the large number of licenses as taxicab drivers issued to ex-convicts." Walker not only left Geraghty in office but defended him with gusto.

In the same way, Walker ignored the notorious record of Dr. William F. Doyle, the ex-veterinarian who made more than a million dollars by his magic power to get the zoning laws changed by New York's Board of Standards and Appeals. Dr. Doyle's zoning-law racket came very close to the higher-ups in Tammany. John F. Curry, Tammany boss of Manhattan, rushed to his defense. George W. Olvany, while serving as leader of Tammany Hall, took enormous but concealed fees for getting the zoning laws adjusted for favored clients. Walker could not possibly have been ignorant of all this, for the activities of Doyle had been spread on the record of the Board of Aldermen as early as May 26, 1925, when a resolution demanded to know how "a veterinarian could come before city boards as an architect, and amass a fortune of $2,000,000 in three years."

It is indicative of the public attitude toward politics that Walker's failure to be a good mayor was not considered half so serious as any personal dishonesty that might be charged against him. The City Affairs Committee's charges against Walker in 1931 set forth certain convincing reasons why Walker should be considered an incompetent and irresponsible mayor of a great city; the Seabury charges of 1932 set forth equally convincing reasons why the mayor was personally unreliable. Of the two sets of charges those of the City Affairs Committee were more serious from the point of view of the average citizen's welfare, because they showed the actual breakdown of government under Walker's reckless rule. But a large part of the New York press attacked the committee's charges as too general simply because they did not produce sworn testimony concerning the commission of a crime. Few stopped to ask how a voluntary civic body could produce sworn testimony without the power of subpoena. The charges which had been intended only as the starting-point for an official probe were attacked as incomplete, and under cover of the attack Governor Roosevelt was given the chance to dismiss them without loss of prestige.

After this experience it became evident that Walker, no matter how unfit, could not be removed unless he was convicted of a crime, either morally or legally. The line of the attack taken by Mr. Seabury against Walker was marked out for him by circumstances. He had to prove that the Mayor either had accepted a bribe or had come so close to it that the distinction was not a difference. It would have been better for the city if he could have made a survey of the city government, department by department, but he was forced by the emotions of the electorate to make the first part of his investigation a man hunt.

The most obvious material ready for Seabury's use was the scandal involving the Equitable Coach Company. It was no worse than the Queens bus scandal of this year, but its completeness made it possible to draw a picture of how business interests pay their brokerage fees to Tammany henchmen in return for city favors. In the case of the Equitable bus scandal the stakes were $19,000,000 in profits in ten years which the promoters stood to win without the investment of a nickel if they could get a city-wide franchise for buses. It was not surprising that a group of financial adventurers began working on the new Mayor from the beginning of his first administration, using as contact man the Mayor's loud-mouthed salesman friend, Senator John A. Hastings, who, as soon as his intimacy with the Mayor became known, became a "bus expert." Hastings had organized a bus syndicate composed of Frank R. Fageol and Charles B. Rose, bus manufacturers, and William O'Neil, a tire manufacturer. Two weeks after Mayor Walker was elected in 1925 they incorporated the Equitable Coach Company and filed an application for a city-wide bus franchise. Hastings was put on the new company's pay roll at $1,000 a month and expenses.

The reason why the Equitable Coach Company was exposed was that it could not secure a contract with New York City without public hearings, and its franchise would not stand the glare of publicity. In jamming through the franchise, Mayor Walker and his associates clearly violated Section 74 of the city charter, which compels the city to make an investigation of the money value of a franchise before granting it—a fact which, strangely enough, was not brought out at the Seabury hearings. What finally killed the franchise was the fact that reputable bankers would not back it. They pretended that the Equitable's prospects were not bright. We believe that this was only a pretext, since the franchise would have made millions for its backers, and that the bankers shied away because they saw that the transaction would inevitably lead to scandal.

Walker jammed through the Equitable franchise by bargaining with the Bronx and Richmond leaders to give them their own franchises separately. He signed the contract on August 9, 1927, and sailed for Europe on August 10 with a $10,000 letter of credit bought for the Mayor in cash by

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J. Allan Smith, the Equitable's New York representative. He says that the two events had no connection!

Such a storm was raised by the awarding of this franchise to an irresponsible fly-by-night corporation that the Mayor and the promoters of the Equitable had to start the fight all over again when Walker returned from Europe. Some of Walker's superiors in Tammany were obviously worried, and J. Allan Smith wired to Fageol two messages which deserve to be classics in municipal political literature because they show how Tammany appeals to its financial masters. One of them read as follows, the words in brackets being Judge Seabury's interpretations:

> No answer yet your suggested financing stop He [Hastings] advises War Board [Tammany Hall] notified boy friend [Mayor Walker] time limit [for commencement of operation of buses under Equitable franchise] was April 15 stop Have made progress upstairs [General Electric Company] and arranged meeting late yesterday between Judge [Charles W. Appleton] and boy friend [Mayor Walker] before he [Mayor Walker] left for Florida stop Judge [Appleton] reported favorable progress and expected to see his boss [Owen D. Young] today and advise me Monday stop His boss [Young] poor health ordered away for months but if he [Young] says yes we can get extension. Will keep you advised.

There is evidence for believing that the Equitable Coach deal was part of a great transit plan in which the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Corporation and Gerhard M. Dahl, its head, had bargained successfully with Tammany Hall for transit monopoly of the city. The B. M. T., which had originally been bitterly opposed to the Equitable's bus franchise, was suddenly converted to it and offered to cooperate. The Borough President of Brooklyn was also converted to the Equitable franchise, and the McCooey machine later helped to put through the award of a bus franchise in Brooklyn to the B. M. T. for $2,000,000 when it was worth more than $14,000,000. At about the time of the Equitable discussion Gerhard M. Dahl was receiving an annual bonus of $75,000 a year in addition to a salary of $100,000, chiefly for improving relations with the public.

Yet Walker finally fell, not because he sold out the city to private traction interests, but because he was too reckless in receiving money from friends whose generosity had developed after he became mayor. Paul Block, for example, might have been more plausible in explaining his $246,000 beneficence to the Mayor if his generosity had dated back to Walker's pre-mayoralty days. As it was, the story of how Block opened a stock account for the Mayor on the inspiration of his warm-hearted ten-year-old son, who wondered how such a well-dressed mayor could live graciously on $25,000 a year, brought loud laughter from the city. Probably those laughs hurt the Mayor more than many of Seabury's factual thunderbolts.

In the Sisto case, as in the Block case, the Mayor received stock profits without any written commitment on his part to pay for any stock or to pay losses on any stock. His friends simply "let him in." In one case he rceived $246,000, in the other $26,000. The $26,000 from J. A. Sisto had definite signs of taint. Sisto was heavily interested in taxicabs, and the Mayor, shortly after he received the Sisto bonds, fought for legislation that would have greatly benefited the big taxi companies. That the Mayor finally failed to win as favorable a measure for the taxicab owners as he had originally planned is beside the point.

Walker floundered pathetically in explaining the gifts of both Sisto and Block. He said that they were not gifts but profits on investments and that he would have borne the losses if there had been any. If they were profits, then why did he not pay income taxes on them?

Probably the unexplained millions of Walker's personal business agent, Russell T. Sherwood, did more than any one thing to force him out of office. Here was the story of a man who ran away after giving about $75,000 of somebody's money to an unnamed person who was a friend of somebody. The tabloid readers could understand that. The unnamed person became the most named unnamed person in history—somebody suggested building a monument and laying a wreath upon the tomb of the unnamed person. Sherwood forfeited all his property in New York rather than return to face Seabury, and an income-tax levy of almost $50,000 was made against him.

The public could not find any reason for Sherwood's disappearance except his connection with the Mayor. He had been a $3,000-a-year assistant in Walker's former law office; suddenly, when Walker became mayor, his bank deposits jumped to $98,000 in Walker's first year and totaled $961,000 during the first five years and eight months of Walker's rule. It was significant that almost $750,000 was cash. Sherwood paid many of the Mayor's and Mrs. Walker's bills out of his bank account and then, when asked to explain where it all came from, disappeared.

Walker's fall had been long overdue. He had been an incredibly bad mayor in relation to the things that count in the life of the common citizen—decent housing, unemployment relief, clean streets, economical government. When land values were soaring and business was expanding hysterically, the wealthy and the intelligentsia thought it smart to cheer him. While he cut ribbons and laid cornerstones, his misdeeds were forgotten in the national exuberance. When the taxpayers began to feel the pinch of his extravagance, his doom was sealed. At the end Tammany stood with him—Tammany and the Central Trades and Labor Council of the American Federation of Labor, whose president issued a stirring appeal for Walker's vindication at the polls!

Slinking from the stage as if he were a fugitive from justice, James J. Walker could not deny himself his final curtain. He saw that his defense had failed and that even a dawdling Roosevelt could not refuse to remove him. So he resigned with the final flourish of a vaudeville star. And to the end he was backed by the machine which he had served so faithfully. Tammany leaders did everything in their power to save him. They sent filibustering lawyers to Albany for the Mayor's trial before Roosevelt to raise every possible fantastic objection to a straightforward discussion of the facts. They kept their machine intact after Walker's downfall, and it still rules New York.

When James Joseph Walker resigned under fire September 1, there came to a temporary end one of the most significant careers in American politics. We say "temporary end" because even lightweight champions sometimes come back, and given the judgments of New York voters—only half of them go to the polls in the average municipal election—a triumphal return from Italy might still greet the world's greatest greeter and sweep him back into power.

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Whatever the future of Walker, however, there can be no doubt of the future of Walkerism. Walkerism is as much alive in American cities today as it was when Lord Bryce remarked that city government was the great failure of American democracy. Even today, when a Seabury investigation has just revealed a thousand new proofs of the contention that the rottenness of the Democratic machine is the all-pervading sickness of New York government, thousands of good citizens and "liberal" newspapers are welcoming a member of that organization as the savior of the city. Joseph V. McKee, who succeeded Walker, has inaugurated a few spectacular economies that any decent mayor of the city would have inaugurated years ago, and the realty interests are hailing him with loud huzzahs. They forget that he sat at the right hand of Mayor Walker for almost seven years, voting with him on the Equitable bus deal, the salary grabs, and all sorts of malodorous measures. Finally, he deserted the Walker ship only at the end when it was good politics to desert. Moreover, he said on September 12: "I am an organization Democrat, always have been, and always will be." Those are almost precisely the words that Jimmy Walker used when he began his reign in 1926.

The Indian Bureau's Record

By JOHN COLLIER

When Secretary Wilbur and Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood took office in 1929, we were led to feel a wonderful hope. They announced great programs and made wonderful promises. We assert that they have forsaken their programs. They have broken their promises. They have set up new evils of far-reaching kinds—evils which their predecessors did not sponsor. . . . We solemnly affirm that conditions among the Indians today . . . are more deplorable than they have been at any time since the United States became guardian over the Indians.

SO ran the petition of spokesmen of forty-nine Indian tribes, read on the Senate floor March 9 last. Thirteen major charges were detailed by the Indians, who concluded: "Our main plea is that the destruction of our citizenship rights and of such legal protections as exist for our property be not permitted to continue. . . . We have not stated one fact that is not of proved record."

What are the facts? Answering in 2,500 words, I am forced to be summary, selective, dogmatic. The complete record is accessible to all citizens, and is in the hands of practically every Indian tribe.* Each one of the Indians' thirteen indictments was true. Indian affairs since 1929 present a startling and paradoxical tragedy, including some shocking wrongs. But justice requires that the credit side be stated first.

1. As a statistician, the Indian Bureau now tells the truth. Prior to 1929 it was, in this capacity, an incompetent liar.

2. The inspectorial system, vitally important with respect to personnel and to reservation achievements, has been radically improved since 1929.

3. With almost fatal delay, yet with incontestable progress, personnel has been improved.

4. Modern social-service ideals and techniques, practically non-existent before 1929, are being pushed with resourcefulness and tireless purpose by Robert I. Lansdale, an appointee of Commissioner Rhoads, with the title, but not the authority, of director of the Human Relations Division of the Indian Bureau. A beginning has been made.

5. As director of Indian Education, W. Carson Ryan has brought, since August, 1930, vision, knowledge, and an uncompromising honesty of statement to the problem of the Indian school. He envisages a beneficent change which would lift the Indian schools out of a dark age that white schools have never known. It is as yet a future change.

6. The administration has moved toward cooperation with States and counties in Indian welfare work, and has earnestly promoted enabling legislation to this end.

7. After three years the administration has joined with Congress to lift from the backs of the Indians more than $20,000,000 of debts illegally imposed and productive of no benefits to the Indians.

Such are the credits. The most important of them, educational and social-service improvements, exist as yet (after three and a half years) less as actualities than as ideals —ideals which certain men and women below the rank of Assistant Commissioner are permitted to hold, to preach, and occasionally to apply. The record does not show that Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood have embraced these ideals or even comprehended them; and to Secretary Wilbur, as judged by his speech and actions, the ideals are foreign and antipathetic.

Now for the debits, of which a mere fraction are here to be told. I believe that they overwhelm the credits, justify the indictment which the Indians have brought, and go beyond that indictment. But the Indian service is a continuing organization of 6,500 men and women. Within that organization the improvements here listed have taken their rise. They must be proclaimed as a matter of justice, and in order that public opinion may guard and extend them.

The Wilbur administration inherited in 1929 a system of non-responsible absolutism over Indian property and person. The "system" had been elaborated across a century, steadfastly in the direction of an always more silent and more exhaustive spoliation of Indian property. Before 1929 the "system" had become thoroughly understood. In 1914 the National Bureau of Municipal Research had lifted the veil. After 1922 many agencies had probed the "system" and its effects, and the lines of remedy were clearly indicated.

The Wilbur administration's record may be thus summarized: Secretary Wilbur and his commissioners took office following the expulsion of Charles H. Burke. The Burke regime (1921-1929) had a credit side—for example, the

* Printed hearings, Senate Indian Investigation Committee, Vols. I—XXV; publications of the Institute for Government Research and of the American Indian Defense Association, of Washington; letters to Congress, December, 1929, by Secretary Wilbur and Commissioner Rhoads; the Indian tribal petition, with replies and counter-replies, *Congressional Record*, March 9, 10, and 11, 1932; and an exhaustive and unrebutted analysis by Senator King of Utah, dealing with Indian appropriations and the system of Indian property management, *Congressional Record*, May 12, 1932.

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Indian medical service was improved and greatly extended under Burke. But Burke and his office had protected and deepened the absolutist "system," and the ruinous and sinister consequences had gone far beyond any deliberate intent of their own. That is why the Burke regime was finally overwhelmed with condemnation.

Wilbur and Rhoads in 1929 stood, as it were, on a "great divide." They knew the facts and the truth, and proclaimed them. They marked out and publicly espoused a program of general direction and of detail—a program of reorientation, reconstruction, and, for the Indians, salvation. Enthusiastic supporters eagerly rallied behind this program and behind Wilbur and his commissioners personally—among these supporters were Indians and Indian-welfare groups and the predominant elements in Congress. But opposed to the new program were the corporate and regional special interests which by means of the absolutist "system" were battening on the Indians. These interests were, as they are today, powerfully represented within the Department of the Interior and the Indian Office; while their sway with and within the Department of Justice, whose role in Indian affairs is often decisive, has been greatly intensified since March, 1929.

Having thus begun, the Wilbur administration reversed itself before the end of its first year. It became the apologist and protector of the inherited "system." With increasing resource and audacity Wilbur and his office have blocked efforts by Congress to rectify laws which they had initially denounced, and to pass laws which they had initially demanded as conditions precedent to good administration. Going beyond this point, they have worked with persistent resource to extend the administrative absolutism. They have overridden the statutes which by letter and intent give to some Indians some legal rights. They have promoted legislation designed to kill these vestigial rights. The practical consequences, in old evils continued and new evils set up, have been immense.

The "system" of 1929 is the "system" of today. Once believed by the public to be inevitable and protected by Congress and the executive, it is now protected by the executive alone. Among its starkest features, certain ones must be outlined. Indians are government wards and the wardship is peculiar in that the ward cannot seek accounting or redress in the courts. The guardian ultimately is Congress, and the guardian's authority is plenary and conclusive. The guardianship of person and the trusteeship of property have been delegated by Congress to the Secretary of the Interior. Some protective and limiting statutes remain, as above implied; but to enforce these statutes through mandamus proceedings or otherwise, the Indians must use money which the Department of the Interior controls and lawyers whom the department, the adverse party in the litigation, finds agreeable. There are other statutes, notably those providing the framework of the land-allotment system, which virtually compel the executive along lines fatal to Indian property interests.

Details include the following: Indians can be, and customarily are, seized and jailed by the Indian Bureau without warrant; they are tried without advice of counsel or jury, in administrative courts without required procedure, without record and without court review; they are imprisoned for periods up to 180 days for offenses against an administrative code of offenses never yet published. Indians and their "Indian country" of 100,000 square miles subsist under a group of espionage and "gag" statutes which apply likewise to white welfare workers and investigators on reservations. These archaic statutes constitute a sort of permanent martial law, suspended, used as a threat, or crushingly enforced, as administrative opinion thinks most expedient.

Being denied the right of contract, Indians are shut out from the normal sources of credit. The government's credit system for Indians was in 1929 a mere shadow, and is a no more substantial shadow today.

Indian tribal and group organizations exist, if at all, through the suffrance of the Secretary of the Interior. All modern instrumentalities of business enterprise are denied to Indian groups as to individual Indians. Always the Secretary of the Interior may temporarily, as a privilege, lift these restrictions, as he may other features of Indian slavery, but it was Wilbur and Rhoads who, in 1929, in letters to Congress, pointed out what decades had proved—that Indians cannot build enterprises on the shifting sands or petrified sandbanks of unreviewable administrative whim.

The allotment system breaks up Indian family life and blind-walls husband from wife, parent from child; and when the allottee dies, his land is sold to whites. The government sells the land; the Indian is voiceless and helpless. Two-thirds of the remaining Indian estate is destined for white ownership within the present generation.

The boarding-schools, originally established with the stated purpose of sundering Indian generations and killing Indian native loyalties, demand their 21,000 Indian children. Through all the years of guardianship, and since 1895 in defiance of a prohibiting statute and a court decree, the Indian Bureau has kidnapped the children to fill these schools when other persuasion failed. This kidnapping has continued into 1932. Nominally, Wilbur and Rhoads repudiate this barbarism; actually, they have left the proved offenders undisciplined.

The "system" includes an administrative code of Indian religious offenses and compulsory Christianizing of Indians.

As a final item, moneys belonging to the Indian tribes are used by the Indian Bureau, in the amount of millions each year, for its own salaries and conveniences, without the consent of the owning tribes. Until 1928 the department was required by law to make an annual public report to Congress on the uses of Indian-owned moneys. The department smuggled a repeal clause into an omnibus bill and got it passed by Congress. Since then Senator King of Utah has led an effort to reenact the publicity requirement. Wilbur and Rhoads, the trustees of these moneys, have blocked the effort.

It is this "system" as a totality which the Wilbur administration since 1929 has successfully protected. Legislation may be blocked through delays in rendering the requisite administrative report on bills. It may be blocked through open opposition and through administrative lobbying. It may be blocked through pre-veto by the budget director, representing the President. All these methods have been used by Secretary Wilbur and his office. I give instances merely—representative instances of what the administration has thus far blocked:

1. The Frazier-Howard bill to repeal the espionage and "gag" statutes.

2. The McNary-Butler bill permitting the incorporation of Indian tribes (the Klamath tribe of Oregon, to begin

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with), shifting the federal guardianship from the individual Indian to his corporation, and meeting the situation of land-disinheritance under the allotment system.

3. The ultra-conservative Frazier-Howard bill chartering Indian tribal councils.

4. The King bill requiring a functionalized Indian Office budget and publicity on the uses of tribal funds.

5. The Frazier-Leavitt bill for safeguarding and promoting the arts and crafts of the Indians.

6. The Leavitt bill designed to expedite the payment to Indian tribes of damages due on account of governmental depredations. Under the present system these payments are put off by decades, generations, and up to a hundred years.

In no instance here listed has Secretary Wilbur or his office made counter-proposals to meet the self-evident necessities. And Wilbur has issued a formula which amounts to terrorization of the Indians. It is, in substance, that if Indians are to be given rights, including the right of responsible group self-help, it must be at the cost of assuming the tax burdens. This fiat, which has no constitutional or legal support, has been echoed by Rhoads. It was at the center of the Indian policies of Burke and of more remote predecessors; it is, indeed, the core of the system.

I conclude with a much-abbreviated account of three cases. The chief ally of Burke in Congress, and the most famous enemy of Indian rights outside the Indian Bureau in the years preceding 1929, was Louis C. Cramton, chairman and director of the House committee on Interior Department appropriations. Cramton promptly established an effective dominance over Wilbur, Rhoads, and Scattergood; and when in 1930 Cramton was defeated for reelection to Congress, Wilbur promptly appointed him to the Interior Department with a roving commission which has included important Indian assignments. This action by Wilbur was a symbol of his abandonment of the aims and commitments of 1929.

The giant power site of the Flathead tribe was licensed in 1930 under the provisions of the Federal Power Act and by Wilbur as guardian of the Indians. The Montana Power Company, and behind it the Electric Bond and Share Company, was the real licensee. But in behalf of these companies John D. Ryan created a dummy corporation, 100 per cent owned by them, and application for the license was made in the name of the dummy. To license the dummy meant to truncate federal regulation—to truncate the Federal Power Act as a whole. Wilbur espoused the Ryan plan; and not only did he issue the license to the dummy, but he incorporated in the license a mandatory provision that the dummy should sell the generated power to its monopolist owners and to no one else—no municipality, for example. The negligible exception was a tiny block of power to be sold to the government's irrigation district. Indian rights were mutilated, but public advantage and the intent of the Federal Power Act were massacred by the Wilbur action, in which Rhoads and Scattergood concurred.

Herbert J. Hagerman was appointed by Secretary Fall as Commissioner to the Navajos in 1923. Fall destroyed by an executive order the pre-existing Navajo tribal and jurisdictional organizations and instituted a fiat tribal council which was prohibited from meeting except in Hagerman's presence and on his call. Hagerman secured from this council a power of attorney to make oil leases in behalf of the tribe. He leased the Rattlesnake oil structure for a $1,000 bonus paid to the tribe. The white lessees sold their lease for a $3,000,000 bonus paid to themselves.

Thereafter, Hagerman represented the Secretary of the Interior on the Pueblo Lands Board. He dominated the board. The Indian committees of the Senate and House have found that the Hagerman board maladministered the Pueblo Lands Act of 1924. Indian title to 20,000 acres was transferred to whites without a penny of compensation; Indian title to another 20,000 acres was transferred to whites with compensation to the Indians totaling only one-third of the unimproved value as found by the Hagerman board's own sworn appraisers. The act creating the board had directed that Indian compensation should be set at the fair market value of the lands, with allowances for improvements made by the whites. Congress directed that the compensation money be spent to buy other needed lands and waters for the pueblos. Land starvation in many pueblos is extreme. Hagerman's action threatened the whole future of many of the tribes. Fall, in 1922, had tried to confiscate the pueblo land titles and had failed. Hagerman, provisionally, had succeeded.

Hagerman represented Wilbur on the Lands Board. And Wilbur and Rhoads in 1929 gave Hagerman commissionership over all Indians in Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. The Senate investigated Hagerman through its Indian Investigation Committee, consisting of Senators Frazier, La Follette, Wheeler, and Thomas of Oklahoma. For one year it appeared that the main Indian concern of Wilbur and Rhoads was the defense of Hagerman. The indictment, slowly piled up and accepted by Congress as substantially proved, led the House and Senate by joint action to remove Hagerman from the government's pay roll on July 1 last.

Meantime, the House and Senate Indian committees had moved to rectify the Pueblo Lands Board's confiscations against the pueblos. These committees unanimously reported a bill, the Bratton-Cutting bill, leveling upward the compensation to the Indians, in no case to an amount greater than that which had been found by the appraisers of the Hagerman board. The Senate unanimously passed the bill. The same bill endeavored to speed up the buying of lands for pueblos in desperate need. The purchase money ($620,000) lies in the Treasury. It belongs to the pueblos, and Congress has directed that lands be bought with this money to supply the tribes, which must perish without land. Part of this money has lain idle since 1927. Since Wilbur and Rhoads took office not one acre has been bought for the pueblos.

Wilbur has bitterly contested the pueblo-relief bill. He has persuaded or coerced Rhoads and Scattergood into a position which dramatizes the record since 1929. The Indians' guardian fights with denunciation and intense lobbying a bill which meagerly fulfils a legal and moral obligation assumed by the government eight years ago. He fights a bill which would expedite the purchase, with their own money, of land for Indians who have farmed for 3,000 years, and who now, through governmental dereliction which Congress has acknowledged, are clinging with desperation to their self-support on tiny islands of watered land within rich areas which until two, three, and four years ago were their own. It is incidental that these beleaguered pueblos contain nearly all that is left of the spiritual splendor and profundity of a great race.

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How Safe Is Iowa?

By DONALD R. MURPHY

Des Moines, September 26

THERE are a good many Republican mathematicians who laugh—or go through the motions of laughing—when you ask them about Republican chances in Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas this November.

"All safe, of course," they say. "Naturally there's some discontent and some protest voting, but look at the 1928 majorities of 250,000 in Iowa, of 150,000 in Nebraska, and of over 300,000 in Kansas. You can't wipe those out. It's true that the Republican National Committee has officially listed Nebraska as a doubtful State, but that's really just to pep up the boys out there and make them work. Really Nebraska's just as safe as Kansas or Iowa."

Perhaps it is. But how safe is that? Democrats are officially claiming Nebraska and Kansas and admitting that Iowa is doubtful. The truth is, of course, that neither crowd knows much about it. Neither does anybody else. If there is a landslide for anybody, it will be for Roosevelt, but lines are so torn up that it is hard for anybody to do any guessing that means much. The political mathematician, of course, starts figuring from 1928. Look at those figures again. There was 73 per cent of the total Presidential vote for Hoover in Kansas, 61 per cent in Iowa, and 63 per cent in Nebraska. Those are facts. What has happened in the last four years to change voting habits in these three States?

First, of course, is the shift in the economic situation. In all three States the farmers, badly hurt in the deflation of 1920, had struggled back until, in 1928, they had their fingers gripping the edge of the precipice. They were still having a hard time but they were hopeful. Wheat was over a dollar and hogs brought nine dollars a hundred. Since then fate or Mr. Hoover or somebody or something has come along and cracked those fingers with a crowbar. Farmers and the business houses dependent on them have been sliding down the precipice. A good many have already smashed on the rocks below. Today wheat is thirty cents; hogs are four dollars a hundred. In addition to that, Kansas has only 60 per cent of a normal wheat crop this year; Nebraska has 40 per cent. Multiply that small crop by present prices and see what you get. For one thing, a lot of protest votes. Since the Republicans are the "ins," that means Democratic votes. (Not very many farmers know Thomas is running.)

Foreclosures of farms are mounting in number. Taxes and interest are being paid with dollars worth twice what they were a few years ago. Prices of farm products in general are half what they were in the pre-war period. Farm strikers are blocking roads. Sheriffs are being manhandled by angry farm crowds. Protective associations to resist evictions are being formed. Four years ago farmers were hopeful that the depression they had experienced since 1920 might be drawing to a close. They were willing to give the Republican Party and Mr. Hoover another chance. Today they feel differently. Out in Kansas—rock-ribbed Republican Kansas that goes Democratic when hell goes Methodist—they told me that farmers had used up their last reserves, that thousands of once prosperous landowners were bankrupt, and that there were no conservative farmers left in the State. That sounds a little strong to me, but I got the report from Republican farmers.

The economic change is one difference between 1928 and 1932. Another change is that the dry-wet issue has been buried. Four years ago dry farmers were pretty indignant about Smith's wetness. This year you don't hear much talk about prohibition. The talk is all about hog and corn and wheat prices and about foreclosures. This is true, at least, of farm men. Farm women, in some cases, still consider prohibition an issue.

Another difference is the personality of the candidates. Smith, besides being a Catholic, talked like a New Yorker. His radio voice lost him votes. The Tammany taint lost him votes. He sounded like a foreigner to Kansas. This year Roosevelt has the right name, and although he is not quite orthodox with his r's and a's, he comes close enough to the Middle Western tongue so that nobody is shocked. He is a Protestant; he makes a good appearance; he sounds like one of the folks.

Four years ago Hoover was still profiting from the glamor of Belgian Relief days. Many liked the way in which he talked about how God and he were going to fix up the American people and protect the American home. Many farmers, after hearing his St. Louis speech, really believed that Hoover was going to give them farm legislation that would pull them out of their troubles. They know better now. An old Iowa farmer said to me a few weeks ago: "There must have been some dirty work counting the votes four years ago. The story was that Hoover got 600,000 votes in Ioway, but dummed if I can find a man now that admits he voted for the cuss."

This shift in economic conditions is without question bound to trim down the Republican majorities. But there are two other major factors at work. One is the difference in the attitude of the two candidates toward agriculture. The other is the presence in each State of a disturbing political personality on the anti-Hoover side. Brinkley in Kansas, Norris in Nebraska, and Brookhart in Iowa will all help to produce votes against the party in power. Roosevelt's Topeka speech, with its pleasant words about stopping foreclosures and its indorsement of the principles of the domestic-allotment plan, is lining up some farm-organization leaders. Hoover's declaration that everything possible has been done for agriculture and that further aid must come from the indirect effect of a business revival has not gone over so well.

In each of the three States some dramatic political figure is throwing the spurs into the Republicans. "Goat-gland" Brinkley of Kansas, who was very nearly elected governor two years ago when his name was not on the ballot, is running again. He may be elected. Very few that vote for Brinkley will vote for Hoover. In Nebraska Senator Norris is out for Roosevelt. Nebraska doesn't always follow Norris's advice. It didn't four years ago. But Norris, like other old foes of Hoover, can say: "I told you what would

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happen if you elected him. Well, it happened. Now will you listen to what I say?" A good many will listen.

In Iowa Senator Brookhart, who four years ago was claiming that Hoover was the farmer's best friend, is out for Senator as an independent. Now he insists that Hoover has double-crossed the farmer all along the line. Brookhart was beaten in the Republican primaries, but he still has a lot of friends. Nobody that votes for Brookhart will vote for Hoover.

Two years ago Kansas and Nebraska elected Democratic governors. Two years ago Senator Dickinson, a conservative Republican, ran 100,000 votes behind Turner, the liberal Republican candidate for governor, in the Iowa elections. The Democratic trend which started then is still going strong. In a State-wide poll taken by the Des Moines *Register,* a pro-Hoover paper, Roosevelt has so far received 13,954 votes, Hoover 9,187. Hoover's decision to speak in Des Moines was a recognition of the fact that the State is slipping.

At this writing there seems evidence that Roosevelt has a good chance of carrying Nebraska, a fair chance of carrying Kansas, and a fighting chance of carrying Iowa. In 1928 these States voted not so much for Hoover as against Al Smith. This year they will be voting, not for Roosevelt, but against Hoover. Some observers see a Roosevelt landslide in the making. Two factors make me doubt this. The first is the ingrained Republican voting habits of a majority; the second is the still prevailing feeling among many women that Mr. Hoover is a great and misunderstood man who is at heart dry. The church vote and the woman vote may yet save Hoover's neck in Iowa and may—though this is much more doubtful—permit him to squeeze by in Kansas and Nebraska.

"All Radicals Are Jews"

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

> I gather from anti-Semitic sources that while there may have been great and good Jews in the past they are all dead, or perhaps a few survive in distant lands. The Jews we know are obsequious and arrogant, superficial and inscrutable, intrusive and clannish, capitalistic and bolshevistic, Orientals without background, unscrupulous, competitious, commercialized; in short, un-American and a menace. —Charles Horton Cooley.

THE prejudice of every period seems to be expressed in terms of its chief preoccupation. The blood accusation against the Jew was a natural libel of the age of faith. The Jew, who had killed Christ, still indulged in slaughtering Christian children. The advantage of the doctrine was obvious: since it was a logical corollary of a generally accepted major premise it needed no other proof than its mere statement. It is still believed in the more remote hamlets of the world, but even in Poland and the Balkans it begins to lose ground as an effective agent for anti-Jewish prejudice and pogroms.

The times have left it far behind. The dogmas of religion have been refined, and in the process the grosser myths have been banished. But the Jew is still a useful scapegoat in the social amenities of the twentieth century. Thus a new rationalization for an ancient dislike has had to be found. Again it has been derived from the most natural source. The Jew is no longer anti-Christ. He is a far more sinister being. He is a follower of Karl Marx. The Jew is fomenting the class struggle in all its ugliness. He is ready to plunge the world into the chaos of communism. He is, after all, destined to usher in the terrors of the final Judgment Day. Every honest peasant and yokel should beware of him. He is trying to take the bread out of their mouths.

The Jew has thus become the international Socialist and the international Communist. In the United States it is part of the great American credo that every Socialist is a Jew. In Russia it seems that the revolution was engineered entirely by Jews, and not only is every member of the Communist Party a Jew but the chief purpose of the revolution was to suppress anti-Semitism. Everywhere left-wing trade unionists and strike leaders are for the most part Jews. The influence of the Jew is to be found at the source of every disturbing movement and in the projection of every dangerous idea. In short, the Jew is a natural trouble-maker. All Jews are radicals.

The superiority of this indictment to the blood accusation must be obvious. It is at least rooted in the realities of the social struggle. It is believed by many Jews themselves, especially by those who are radical, for it is the habit of radicals to exaggerate their own numbers. But it finds credence also among conservative and orthodox Jews, who find in it the explanation for the irreligion of the younger generation. There has been many a sermon preached to warn the congregation against listening to radical counsels, especially where the position of the Jew is very insecure. The Jew who is a radical will have a double burden to bear. He must not give aid and comfort to the enemy. The doctrine may be summed up in the proposition that the Jew cannot afford to be a radical. For the sake of his religion he must sacrifice his intellectual honesty and economic interest. The rather contemptible assumptions of this demand are generally overlooked.

Moreover, a great many learned social theorists believe in the radicalism of the Jew. It is a favorite doctrine of some German sociologists. Everything nowadays is made by Germans into a system of sociology, and there is, of course, a "Soziologie der Juden." It is taught that the Jew in any social group tends naturally to nonconformity. To be sure, this tendency is not derived specifically from his Jewishness. It has a much more "scientific" basis. It is simply the result of a sociological theory of alienage. The individual who grows to maturity as a member of a group becomes fully integrated in the life of the group. He shares its characteristic viewpoints and prejudices. He has to be a very unusual individual to disassociate himself from the group *mores.* Dissent comes to him only with great difficulty. The Jew, on the other hand, never becomes fully a member of any group. He always remains a stranger. His perceptions of

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the incongruities of the group is much keener than the native's. He penetrates at once to its illusions, and becomes its critic. The Jew has almost to struggle against radicalism.

It must be confessed that there is in this theory a certain plausibility. Actually, however, it is full of many gratuitous assumptions. The Jew who lives in the Ghetto or under practically Ghetto conditions is an integrated member of an autonomous group. Presumably, then, the theory must apply to the Jew who has gone forth to mingle with some particular group. Far from being bold, the stranger in any group is extremely timid. His consciousness of difference makes him very uncomfortable, and as far as possible he seeks to efface himself. At least externally he wishes to look like his neighbors. Apparently none of the theorists had ever felt the acute awkwardness of the immigrant. If the stranger perceives the weaknesses of his new compatriots, he will naturally adopt the politic course of keeping his knowledge to himself. If he makes use of it, he will be more likely to do so for the purpose of making a living than to subvert the ideals of his hosts. Even if the natural antagonism of the stranger toward the group is assumed, it must be only an initial attitude. It is lost very soon, at least by the second generation. The assimilation of the Jew in the United States takes place very rapidly, at least with regard to those externals which are the most obvious sources of anti-Semitism. Wherever immigration has been restricted—it has been greatly restricted in many countries since the World War—there should be little tendency toward radicalism. Moreover, a critical mind is not only the result of social environment. The biological inheritance is far more important. It thus becomes necessary to assume that every stranger is born with a superior mentality, which, of course, is an absurdity. If the Jew revolts, it is not because he is himself on the lookout for the faults of those among whom he lives, but because the conditions of life are made difficult for him. If he becomes a radical, it is from resentment.

The sources of social resentment are, of course, many. They operate, however, upon Jew and non-Jew alike. It is true that to be a Jew is to encounter in many countries a special disability. Yet it must be remembered that economic radicalism is not necessarily the inevitable result of anti-Semitism. It has not been the traditional reaction of the Jew. Certainly as long as anti-Semitism is predominantly of a social variety, it does not itself drive the Jew toward the sinister "isms." Conversely, the mere opposition to anti-Semitism does not necessarily enlist the support of every Jew. Many Jews are bitter opponents of the Russian Revolution despite the fact that it has made the most determined effort in all history to eradicate all manifestations of anti-Semitism.

The action of social as well as psychological forces is so complex that the radicalism of the Jew must necessarily be regarded in terms of each individual equation. Without doubt many Jews are radicals. But until it is possible to investigate the question of Jewish radicalism upon the basis of extensive statistics, no very definite tendency toward radicalism can be established. At present it seems to be established solely in terms of the desirability of having the Jew known as constitutionally addicted to radicalism.

The origin of the belief in Jewish radicalism may be traced to all those causes which make it useful. But probably the belief is primarily due to the fact that the greatest of all radicals was a Jew. The philosophy of Karl Marx represents the fundamental theory of social revolution in the modern world, but its appearance is ascribed not to the transcendent personal genius of Marx, but to the genius of his race and its inferior social position. Not long ago Edmund Wilson wrote an article on Karl Marx in which he declared that his ability to see the inevitable tendencies of capitalist civilization so much more clearly than any of his contemporaries was the result of the fact that he was a Jew. Apparently Wilson has read Karl Marx in vain. Alas, the greatest political theorist of imperial Germany, Georg Jellinek, was also a Jew.

The most curious aspect of the myth of Jewish radicalism is its coexistence with the myth of the special talent of the Jew for economic acquisitiveness. The Jew, it seems, is not only the international Socialist but the international banker. In other words, every Jew is not only a Marx but a Rothschild! Obviously only one explanation of this remarkable proposition is possible. The international bankers are backing the world revolution. The Jewish storekeeper, the very backbone of the petty bourgeoisie all over the world, is sick of his supposedly immemorial occupation, and is a secret member of the Communist local. Shylock is about to revolt.

Gershwin and Our Music

By B. H. HAGGIN

"AN evening which may become memorable in the history of American music." So read the Stadium Concerts press release announcing the all-Gershwin program of August 16 at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York. And the evening would deserve to be remembered if it put an end to certain ideas about American music, and about Gershwin as an American composer, that have been current for several years. But those who were convinced by the Stadium program that the American symphony would not be written by Gershwin had known this before; and the rest will no doubt continue to believe that his is the music which alone may be called American. They will do so because the conditions originally responsible for their belief still exist.

Schubert and Brahms wrote Viennese waltzes; but so far as I know they never were told they must use waltzes as the material for their symphonies. This may have been because people understood that a symphony was not just a form, but the form of something; that it had a content, and a content more profound, more complex, more subtle than that of a waltz; and that one, therefore, could not be made of the other. That is, a symphony made of waltzes would be only waltzes arranged in the pattern of the symphonic form.

But one reason there was for certain: the fact that composers were producing great symphonies, and that, as a result, there was no occasion to ask why they were not producing them, and to give wrong answers. Where, on the other hand, no cultivated music of consequence is being produced, and the question arises why it is not being produced and how it may be produced, the answer is likely to be that a nation's music, if it is to amount to anything, must be rooted

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in its soil, must express the character and feeling of its people, and must therefore use as its material folk or popular music, or idioms derived from folk or popular music. And this is accepted as true because a piece of music constructed in this way refers unmistakably, in musical terms, to Russia or Spain or whatever country it may be. But it is wrong.

A Beethoven symphony is an expression of a personality with roots not in Germany alone, but in the entire world and its cultural heritage; and even what is German in this personality manifests itself in other ways than the use of German folk or popular music; for the feeling expressed in the symphony is precisely that which is not expressed in folk or popular music. And that is the point: in the Beethoven symphony, though there is no musical reference to Germany, there is what we recognize to be a symphonic content; whereas in the music that refers to Russia or Spain there is only the content of folk or popular music.

We are now in a position to understand the Gershwin vogue. Since America had produced no cultivated music of any consequence, but only a fascinating and distinctive popular music, the idea arose that the American symphony must be made of this popular music, which was recognizably American in origin and spirit. This idea gained additional support among people whom it provided with an excuse for enjoying popular music and for thinking that when they did so they were enjoying cultivated music. And the first work to make an impression was Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," because of the excellence of the jazz melodies of which it was composed.

Even this work had the weakness of all such works—a weakness which may have been the reason for highbrow composers dropping jazz: there was no relation between its material and its form. The form was only a more extended pattern of arrangement; the effect of the work was still that of the jazz melodies individually. And on the other hand the flashy Liszt piano pyrotechnics which connected the melodies betrayed the weakness of Gershwin as a composer of cultivated music—personal and musical resources inadequate for his objective.

Both weaknesses appeared in more striking fashion in the Piano Concerto, his most ambitious work in the large forms of cultivated music. In the first movement he followed every specification of the first movement of the classical concerto: there was an exposition of jazz material, a development of the material in the form of variants of the original melodies, a restatement of material of the exposition. But in the end the form was a mere superimposed pattern, not an inevitable outgrowth of the material; and the effect was only that of the jazz melodies individually. There was, then, an incongruity which made the movement sound pretentious. And on the other hand, where, as in the third movement, the work was not jazz, it was all sorts of derivative claptrap, and revealed again Gershwin's inadequacy for his objective. In this work he was still only a composer of delightful and distinctive show music.

And this he has remained in succeeding works. The good thing in "An American in Paris" is the blues episode. The only good thing in the "Second Rhapsody" is the interlude in which he sets out one of his finest popular melodies. The rest of this work shows the influence of another false notion—the notion that American music must refer to the American scene by using as material the industrial noises that are supposed to be peculiar to America. The "Second Rhapsody" was originally called "Rhapsody in Rivets"; and except in the interlude I have mentioned, it does nothing but repeat a theme which suggests riveting, and is therefore almost painfully dull.

One thing which Gershwin's attempts have demonstrated is that jazz is not material for a symphony. And from this it follows that the symphony is not a form for Gershwin. For though the American symphony will be different from the European, it will be different only in the way that one European symphony differs from another. Our cultivated music will continue to be part of the cultivated music of the Western world; our composers will follow the same tradition and use the same materials as European composers; and their task will require of them what it requires of Europeans. In his admirable study of Beethoven, J. W. N. Sullivan describes his music as an expression of Beethoven's personal vision of life—that is, of states of consciousness evoked by his experiences, conditioned by his spiritual nature, and made explicit through the medium of his art. "In his capacity to express this content," says Sullivan, "Beethoven reveals himself as a great musical genius, and the content itself reveals him as a great spirit." Gershwin, it has become clear, is neither a great spirit nor a great musical genius; and we may expect from him only further American counterparts of Chabrier's "España" and minor descriptive works.

In the Driftway

ADVERTISING has delivered another body blow to the radio. From now on millions of loud speakers will pour into the American home not only the fatuous and puerile words of sales talks, but even the prices of dust-proof gelatin, life-preserving tooth paste, and varnished breakfast food. The Columbia Broadcasting Company, which was the first to break down before the insistence of advertisers, has cut down (all too slightly) the time limit for sales talks, but the Drifter fears it is an empty gesture, and the new rules, as the daily newspapers report them, do not hearten him:

> The advertiser shall be entitled to mention price in his program, within the following limitations: (a) not more than two price mentions on a fifteen-minute program, provided that the total length of all "sales talk" shall not exceed one and a half minutes; (b) not more than three price mentions on a thirty-minute program, provided that the total of all "sales talk" shall not exceed three minutes; (c) not more than five price mentions on a sixty-minute program, provided that the total length of all "sales talk" shall not exceed six minutes.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's ears already fold up as he approaches a loud speaker. The prospect of five "price mentions" in an hour's program, not to mention six minutes of sales talk, puts him even farther outside the pale of radio enthusiasts. He feels sure that it is only a matter of time until the radio salesman will step out of the loud speaker into the middle of the living-room, price mentions, sales talk, and

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all; and he would not care to witness such a sight. Still, on second thought, he might not find the experience so unpleasant, after all. He cannot believe that American radio listeners are as fatuous as the stuff they allegedly listen to. He has faith enough to think that the only reason that American radio salesmen—and most of the entertainers as well—are tolerated is that they are inaccessible and can be turned off. If the listener could talk to the salesmen with as little restriction in matters of taste as the salesman enjoys, the broadcasting companies might learn that the price of tooth paste five times in one hour is not what this country needs or wants.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE, the Drifter turns for relief to the advertising pages of the London *Spectator*, in particular to the "Musings of a Mineral Water Manufacturer, No. 154." That is the heading. The last inch of the advertisement contains the name of the firm, the address, and a list of beverages. The "copy" for the advertisement consists of an intelligent essay on Platonism, which the Drifter has not space to quote in full but which ends as follows: "To be modern is to be critical, and the fault of us moderns is that too often we are not modern enough." He commends those words to the listening public of America and to the broadcasting companies, who profess, no doubt, that they are merely giving the public what it wants. Further, he might point out that a country cannot claim to be more civilized than what it listens to. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Next War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am spending part of the summer at Bohinj Lake high in the Jugoslav Alps, which the Italians think should be, as they understand their "rights," Italian Alps. The peaks to the south of the lake are a section of the post-war Italo-Jugoslav border. On this side is Jugoslavia; on the other Italy. At the moment everything is peaceful here. The lake is smooth, very smooth. It mirrors the mountains around it. On the ridges cattle graze, but their bells, along with the chirr of crickets and the sounds of birds, only enhance the deep quiet of the place.

Yet it is not inconceivable that within a few hours after I mail this letter bombs will begin to rain on the villages hereabouts. It is quite true that, as Romain Rolland wrote a few weeks ago, war "can burst out tomorrow." Before me lies a little book, recently published in Italy, entitled "La guerra futura" ("The Future War"), by one Ulixo Guadagnini, an officer in the Italian navy, one of the so-called Young Fascists, prominent in the councils of Il Duce's most aggressive followers; and the book calls to mind Mussolini's declarations in 1927 to the effect that between 1935 and 1940 Italy would attain a sufficient height of development to enable her to claim her "rights." By 1940 or sooner, counting on the Italian peasants' famed procreative powers, Italy's population would reach sixty millions, and if she lost a few million men then she would never miss them. So Mussolini, five years ago.

Now, in "La guerra futura," we read that it is not necessary to wait until 1940, nor even till 1935, and that it is needless to calculate Italy's losses in the next war in terms of millions of men. The author maintains that a smart government like Il Duce's has only to make sure of its position at home—and strike. One of the early paragraphs in the book reads: "The next war will be a war of surprise. The attacking Power will have to be certain of its internal safety [which of course can be attained only via fascism], and if necessary within a few hours drop its seeming policy of peace, and attack." The author counsels the government of the "attacking Power" against such nonsense as formal war declarations. Says he: "Why shout, 'Look out there! We shall attack you'?" Common military horse sense dictates the attack without warning. Signor Guadagnini maintains that Germany lost her last war by reason of her conventional diplomatic courtesy and formality. If in the summer of 1914 Germany had struck unexpectedly instead of fooling around for days, she would have had Europe on her knees in a few days.

The coming war, Guadagnini further tells us, will be largely an air war. This will make sudden attack easy. No mobilization in the old sense will be necessary. The air force must be kept up to date and ready at all times—that is all. When the psychological moment arrives, the "attacking Power's" government needs merely to shoot out a simple secret-code command, "Attack!" More, the author hints that a sudden attack is necessary, for the "enemy," too, has airplanes, and if given time—even a few hours—is likely to frustrate some of the attacking Power's plans. The idea is to strike holy terror into the enemy before he can realize what it is all about. Attack! Win! That is all that matters. All else is nonsense.

"La guerra futura" is creating great interest in Europe. In Italy, I understand, it is being discussed everywhere, for, as Il Duce wrote in the *Giornale di Genova* early in July, "Fascism believes neither in the possibility nor the desirability of peace." Jugoslavia, the closest of Italy's "enemies," trembles. The little book may turn out to be a sort of preface to the coming war, as Bernhardi's "The Next War" was to the last war. It certainly is a hint of what we may expect. "If war," again quoting Romain Rolland, "sets fire to one corner of the world, it cannot be localized." Italy, with her fascism, her Mussolini, and her fantastic "rights" (which date back to the Caesars) in Jugoslavia and elsewhere, is to world peace today what Germany was to world peace in 1910-14.

LOUIS ADAMIC

Lake Bohinj, Jugoslavia, August 20

Mr. Rockwell States His Case

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 21 you commented on a recent sermon of mine with that vigor which makes your editorial columns stimulating to a host of us who are your appreciative readers. Inasmuch as your review was based not upon the sermon as a whole but upon newspaper excerpts from it, I wish the privilege of stating the following in an effort to clarify my criticism of the Labor Sunday message of the Federal Council of Churches.

If one believes that clergymen and religious organizations, acting as spokesmen for Christ's church, have a right to criticize political, social, and economic conditions, then the Labor Sunday message of 1932 is a heartening document. If one believes, as I firmly do, that the church is commissioned only to continue the message and policy of Christ, then this message leads those who advocate it to depart from His methods. We learn little from the Gospel records of the sayings of Him who was supremely conscious of the sufferings of mankind, about the political conditions, about the details of social injustice, about the economic problems of that time. What we do learn is a vast deal concerning the value of the individual, from His viewpoint.

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Christ struck at the basic cause of all human maladjustments in His far more disturbing appeal to the individual to right his personal life by discipleship to Jesus in the experience we term conversion. It must be apparent that no wrong condition can be truly corrected until the individuals responsible for it have been changed spiritually. Merely to attack unjust conditions, as the Labor Sunday message does, is superficial, meddlesome, and unlike the policy of Christ.

Your editorial suggests that the sermon in question had certain "comfortable" and "convenient" aspects. It was preached, as you state, at the Little Church Around the Corner, where assembles each Sunday a congregation representative of every walk of life; further, the sermon manifests the conviction of one who for the past seven years has been the rector of the only Episcopal church in the tenement district of the extreme lower East Side of New York.

New York, September 21 HARRISON ROCKWELL

Russia Has Changed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Fischer ends his review of Paul Scheffer's book with the following two sentences: "It is now several years since Scheffer left Russia. It has changed a great deal in that period."

I have just come back from Russia. Yes, it has changed a great deal in that period, but changed decidedly for the worse. Any honest, unbiased person who has come in close contact with all classes of people, including the proletarian workers, will agree with my statement.

New York, September 1 WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Questionnaire with Answers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The undersigned, students of the new economics formulated by Major C. H. Douglas of England, would like to submit the following questionnaire to readers of *The Nation*:

1. Upon whom or what do you fix responsibility for the present industrial slump in America?
2. Where is the seat of power in modern society?
3. What is the policy of our power-holding groups?
4. Are the majority of people poor because a minority are rich?
5. What is the proper aim of an industrial system?
6. Is a *leisured* society possible?
7. If so, what are the practical steps to be taken toward it?

In order not to appear as mere propounders of difficult questions, we would like the privilege of stating our answers to the questionnaire. They are as follows:

1. "The action of the Federal Reserve banking system, partly by the raising of rates of call-money to a fantastic figure and partly by the calling in of loans irrespective of the interest rates offered."—Major C. H. Douglas.
2. In high finance, whose organs are the central banks of issue.
3. To keep money in short supply. "The banker is normally a deflationist."—Major Douglas.
4. No, because the fundamental defect of the financial system is mathematical and results in a chronic shortage of money quite apart from the money-dealer's policy of keeping his commodity scarce. The community, the rich included, has not sufficient money to absorb home products.
5. To produce goods and deliver them to the people who want them.
6. Thanks to progress in the industrial arts, it is possible.
7. The socializing of credit through the national dividend (increase of the volume of money) and the just price (scientific price regulation).

GORHAM MUNSON,
W. A. NYLAND,
JOHN RIORDAN

New York, September 15

Spare Mr. Hoover

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read five copies of your paper, sent to me by some friend. I used to admire *The Nation* in Mr. Godkin's time and I have much sympathy now with its desire for a different system of economics from our present one, in which Mr. Hoover sincerely believes and which he could not change if he wished. But I think you make a great mistake in allowing to appear in your columns such scurrilous attacks on our sincere and humane President. The tone of these criticisms is to me so unjustified and undignified that it produces a sharp reaction in the President's favor.

It would seem to any sane person that to start industry by putting the wheels of banks and industrial enterprise to turning is the only permanent way of helping unemployment, and that if there is any man in the country who does not deserve your reproaches it is Mr. Hoover.

If you would spend a little more of your energy in helping to stop the colossal waste of New York City, that it might have more money to spend on helping its unemployed citizens, it seems to me you would be more useful.

Cambridge, Mass., September 1 JANE NEWELL MOORE

Refusing Military Drill

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As college opens, we should again be reminded of the growing number of students who object to being drafted into the military training units maintained at many institutions. Many readers of *The Nation* will be interested to learn that it is both quite possible and highly important for students opposed to these onerous courses to seek exemption. Students who know how to press their plans are being excused from this form of military conscription each year. After years of experience in aiding such students, the Committee on Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, New York City, of which I am chairman, has prepared folders outlining the procedure to follow in refusing drill. We will gladly send one of these folders to any of your readers facing this problem.

New York, August 30 GEORGE A. COE

For Readers in Maplewood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very much interested in forming an economic discussion club in South Orange and Maplewood, New Jersey. *Nation* readers living in these localities, and interested in such a club, will please communicate with me at 24 Maplewood Avenue.

Maplewood, N. J., September 15 K. M. PALMER

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Books and Drama

Dark Woman

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

Dark Woman, when I dwell upon your face
And mark that shadow eloquent of some
Foreknowledge no disaster can erase
Or bury with dead Herculaneum,
I know what mask Medusa wore, and how
In her Ionian exile she was prone
To hide with flowers what writhed upon her brow,
Till the warm flesh turned utterly to stone.

Heavy upon your forehead hangs the weight
Of garlands by the sea made bitter-sweet;
Your narrow hands curl delicately as if
Still they would hold what was more delicate
Than this poor witness of your last defeat—
This little dust beneath the Leucadian cliff.

The Mind of T. S. Eliot

Selected Essays: 1917-1932. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

T. S. ELIOT has one of the most curious and interesting minds of the present age. It would doubtless be absurd to imply that he has a split personality, in any pathological sense, but one finds it difficult to discuss his work until one has divided him into three Eliots: the poet, the critic, and the philosopher. Eliot is a major poet if we have any major poets living. I do not intend to discuss him as a poet here, but merely as a critic and thinker: it is sufficient for our present purposes to observe that anyone who first comes to his prose after reading his poetry (I except "Ash Wednesday"), or who first comes to his poetry after reading his prose, receives something like a shock of incredulity: they seem so violently contrasted in vocabulary and tone. If we could imagine each of them surviving, without signature, it seems to me highly improbable that posterity would have the wit to put them together again. The contrast almost makes one believe that the same man who wrote the prose of Bacon could have written the poetry of Shakespeare.

Yet among critics Eliot's eminence is hardly less than among poets. His acute sensitiveness to literary values, his insights and fine incidental observations, the range and depth of his erudition, the boldness and independence of his judgment, and the dignity and closely woven texture of his prose, entitle him to rank with some of the greatest English critics; while the definiteness and self-assurance, one might almost say the arrogance, of his point of view, are much more a strength than a weakness. His tone and attitude toward his subjects outwardly resemble the tone and attitude of the scientist. He is a lecturer who puts his specimens under the microscope and tells us in great detail what he finds there. He is an analytical chemist who is not satisfied with mere qualitative analysis but only with exact quantitative analysis. Is he going to tell us something about Seneca's influence on the Elizabethan drama? Then you can be sure he will not rest in generalities: he will consider, first, the precise extent of Seneca's responsibility for the "tragedy of blood"; "second, his responsibility for *bombast* in Elizabethan diction; and third, his influence upon the *thought,* or what passes for thought, in the drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries."

The two chief instruments in Eliot's criticism, then, are analysis and comparison. The analysis, as I have hinted, is almost chemical: it is the punctilious and rather thorough separation of a compound into its elements. The comparison is almost as thorough, and is not made, as by most critics, merely now and then, but systematically:

> No poet, no artist of any art, has his complete meaning alone. His significance, his appreciation, is the appreciation of his relation to the dead poets and artists. You cannot value him alone; you must set him, for contrast and comparison, among the dead. I mean this as a principle of aesthetic, not merely historical, criticism.

Evidently we have come a long way from impressionism.

This straining for exactness in Eliot becomes almost an obsession. I have never read a critic more impatient with the individual statements of other critics, more eager to pounce upon one unfortunate word. He will quote Hazlitt on Dryden, so that he may write: "In one sentence Hazlitt has committed at least four crimes against taste." He will begin an essay on Marlowe by quoting Swinburne on Marlowe, merely that he may say: "In this sentence there are two misleading assumptions and two misleading conclusions." He will quote a paragraph from Norman Foerster's "American Criticism," a book which he professes to regard as "brilliant," only to call the paragraph "a composition of ignorance, prejudice, confused thinking, and bad writing." Matthew Arnold he finds distressingly vague: "Culture and Conduct are the first things, we are told; but what Culture and Conduct are, I feel that I know less well on every reading. . . . Culture is a term which each man not only may interpret as he pleases, but must indeed interpret as he can."

One might suppose that a writer so harsh in dealing with the alleged looseness of others would be himself a paragon of definiteness and precision. But here is where my bewilderment begins. As soon as he departs from a description of the specific qualities of the author or work before him (where he is for the most part admirable), as soon as he begins to launch into general statements, either about literature, or science, or religion, or morals, Eliot seems to me to use words not only loosely, but recklessly, meaninglessly. What can he possibly mean when he tells us, for example, that "the business of the poet is . . . to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all"? I have only a vague idea of what he is talking about, again, when he goes on to remark that "poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion." Why should the poet—or his reader—want to escape from emotion? In what sense is poetry an escape from emotion? Is it a sublimation? a deflection? a katharsis? Well, one may have several guesses, but surely both "escape" and "emotion" in this context are words which each man not only may interpret as he pleases, but must indeed interpret as he can. The reader's predicament is even worse when he encounters such a statement as, "Dryden, with all his intellect, had a commonplace mind." His dizziness is not lessened when he comes to the Johnsonian sentence immediately following: "His [Dryden's] powers were, we believe, wider, but no greater, than Milton's." Thus the poet with wider powers than Milton's had a commonplace mind. Words have lost all meaning; let us hold our heads in our hands and stagger out.

One of the difficulties in dealing with Eliot is that, while he is fond of paradoxes, he enunciates them so solemnly that one never knows how literally he takes them himself, or even whether he actually intends to be paradoxical. In an essay which has become enormously influential, Tradition and the Individual Talent, occurs this passage:

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> What happens when a new work of art is created is something that happens simultaneously to all the works of art which preceded it. The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past. And the poet who is aware of this will be aware of great difficulties and responsibilities.

Eliot himself thought this observation so important that he quoted it in its entirety several years later in his essay on The Function of Criticism. Of course the contention that the past is altered by the present is just as nonsensical as it appears to be. All that Eliot's elaborate paradox means, on examination, is that our (present) *idea* or *appraisal* of past art and literature is altered by the art and literature of the present, or of the recent past. What I should like to know is whether or not Eliot knew that his pretentious and mystical paradox reduced itself to this simple truism. If he did, I cannot understand how he could have made such a fuss about it.

The truth is that philosophically Eliot is a very confused man. What chiefly disguises this fact, apart from the illusion of precision which his constant verbal distinctions and qualifying phrases create, is that he never condescends to argue a problem on its merits. One almost gathers that his real objection to certain views is not that they are logically untenable, but that their proponents are rather crude, and when he has pointed out the crudity of the supporters of an opinion, he sometimes forgets to ask whether the opinion may not after all be true. His superciliousness thus frequently protects him from exposing his own logical weaknesses. He almost invariably begs the question, and hardly pretends to do anything else. Thus in an essay which professes to be about a forgotten divine named John Bramhall, but immediately switches to his immensely more interesting opponent, that "extraordinary little upstart" (to quote Eliot's somewhat less than objective description), Thomas Hobbes, Eliot quotes the views of I. A. Richards and of Bertrand Russell, in which each seeks to show that value springs from desire and depends upon the harmonization of conflicting desires. "The difficulty with such theories," comments Eliot aloofly, "is that they merely remove the inherently valuable a further degree." And that is all he deigns to say about them: the reader is supposed to consider them disposed of. But the mere phrase "inherently valuable," in this context, reveals that Eliot himself is quite at sea in philosophy. To recognize that this is so it is not necessary to go to the length of Spinoza, who says boldly that we desire nothing because it is good, but it is good only because we desire it. It is merely necessary to recognize that no value—economic, aesthetic, or moral—can exist apart from some human appreciation of it, or some human preference for it.

But perhaps one should not criticize Eliot because he refuses really to argue with his chosen opponents, when it is so often impossible really to argue with him. When, in a discussion of birth control, we find him advising his reader, if "wholly sincere and pure in heart," to "seek for guidance from the Holy Spirit"; when he holds that "spiritual guidance . . . should be clearly placed above medical advice," we can only read in silent incredulity. This is not Bishop Manning talking, and in the face of such statements we may permit ourselves a certain skepticism regarding Eliot's complete sincerity. Personally I cannot feel that the total drift of his thought carries him to the destination where he pretends to be. As Edmund Wilson has shrewdly remarked: "We feel in contemporary writers like Eliot a desire to believe in religious revelation, a belief that it would be a good thing to believe, rather than a genuine belief." The truth of this observation is confirmed for me by, among other things, a phrase which Eliot allows to slip out in discussing Irving Babbitt's humanism. His own analysis leads, Eliot thinks, "to the conclusion that the humanistic point of view is auxiliary to and dependent upon the religious point of view. *For us,* religion is Christianity." The italics are mine. By "us" Eliot here means, I suppose, us Occidentals, those of us who have been *brought up* as Christians. But the remark implies that what is important is not the objective truth of the religion, not *which* religion, but the supposed functional value of "religious" belief itself. No real believer would let such a phrase escape him. It would not occur to Eliot to say: "For us, two and two make four." That would imply not belief, but skepticism; it would imply, at best, that the fourness of two and two was the most desirable or convenient assumption for the Western world. This is the serpent's doctrine of As If, of necessary illusions; and it is more cynical at bottom than the crude beliefs of us poor naturalists, who feel, with Santayana, that illusion may be truly pleasing while we think it true, but that to cling to it knowing it to be illusion is ignominious and well-nigh impossible.

HENRY HAZLITT

Economics and Fiction

Inheritance. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

BECAUSE this book is perhaps the first clean-cut example we have yet had of a novel based firmly on the effects on character of economic as distinguished from social class (which separates it from such a work as "The Forsyte Saga," for example, despite other resemblances), it is of special importance at the present moment. We have had so much talk recently about the theoretical relations between economics and literature that it is interesting to have these relations concretely worked out for us in a specific work. And Miss Bentley's is such a solidly distinguished talent that her particular working-out of these relations may be taken as an indication of how they are likely to be worked out generally in the fiction of the near future.

The theme of "Inheritance," it may be said, is the development of a family in terms of the development of the Industrial Revolution. Using materials that served Charlotte Brontë in "Shirley," and later Mrs. Gaskell in her life of the Brontës, Miss Bentley gives a dramatic account of the troubles following the introduction of mechanical looms in the textile districts of Yorkshire at the beginning of the last century. William Oldroyd, whose family have been cloth-makers for generations, ambitiously instals one of the new machines; he is forced to do so in dead secrecy and at great risk; and in the effort to protect his property against the irate weavers mobilized by General Ludd he is killed in his own mill. The next Oldroyd manages to run the machines, only to encounter new troubles at the hands of the workers. The labor movement has begun in England with the demand for a People's Charter assuring protective legislation for the workers. And the second Will Oldroyd, like the first, meets death as a result of an attack on his mill. But industrialism in the Ire valley survives this crisis as it did the last, and what follows is the rich expansion of the later Victorian epoch. The hard-working Oldroyds increase in wealth and join their stock to that of the older county families. At the same time a new class arises out of the descendants of

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the old exploited mill workers, a class of intellectuals who resist the industrial idea with their minds as their ancestors did with their hammers and pikes. Irony is created when a girl belonging to this class refuses to marry one of the later Oldroyds. The Oldroyd family, however, settles more and more firmly into economic security and social eminence. By the time the war comes, they have produced in Colonel Francis Oldroyd something very like a perfect English gentleman. But this world event is at the same time destined to mark the end of their progress. With precise reference to recent economic history—such matters as the Labor Party and the excess-profits duty—Miss Bentley traces the rapid descent of the Oldroyds to bankruptcy and annihilation. By devoting the final pages to a monologue of the last of the Oldroyds, a sensitive adolescent conscious of his family's history, she recapitulates all the elements in her story. But unfortunately here, where the device permits of some larger interpretation or vision for the future, Miss Bentley seems to fall down. Young Roger Oldroyd leaps from the train bearing his family from Yorkshire forever because he wishes to stay rooted in the soil of his ancestors. But what he proposes to do with himself there, what terms he expects to make with his environment, are left open questions.

But while Miss Bentley's novel is without the social vision implicit in so many recent works, its structure is built more consistently on an economic subject than that of any other novel in a great many years. The narrative curve of her story, so to speak, coincides with that of the Industrial Revolution. Moreover, its interest derives largely from being something like a concentrated history of that revolution and of a particular industry. In other words, one takes away from "Inheritance" a better knowledge of economic history and a great deal of information about cloth-making. The danger is that it is so very easy to confuse this interest with the particular kind of interest which we usually associate with the novel.

For the first question which occurs when one attempts to evaluate this rather imposing work is whether or not the interest it provides is as deep, as real, and as abiding as that of certain other novels we have read. It must be admitted that the interest here as in other novels, despite the many dangers, is laid pretty uniformly in character. In the first half especially, Miss Bentley draws her people with a warmth and intimacy which make certain of them, like Mary and Jonathan Banforth, come to life as fully formed human beings. But as the book advances, the space Miss Bentley permits to the close delineation of character is gradually lessened. The result is that the later characters have very little existence apart from their role in the development of the theme. We know nothing about young Roger Oldroyd, for example, apart from his passionate absorption in his family history. The tendency, in other words, is to present the individual only on the single level of his adjustment to an economic situation. And the consequent effect is a shifting of interest from character to theme; from character considered as the sum total of all the influences and processes operating in an individual, moral and psychological as well as economic, to the effects on him of a particular economic system.

If such is the tendency here—for Miss Bentley does not fall into such obvious pitfalls as do writers like Dos Passos and Gold—the so-called "economic" school of fiction threatens to be as narrow, artificial, and transitory as the naturalistic or the Freudian or any other of the labeled schools of the past fifty years. The only excuse the novel has for being, as Henry James so simply insisted, is that it create interest; and that interest, if the novel is to be regarded as an identifiable art form, must presumably be different from any that may be secured from any other source. So far the peculiar interest supplied by the novel has derived so fundamentally from character that this element may very fairly be considered the standard in judging not only any particular novel but any new school of novel-writing that may arise. And anything which threatens to endanger the hierarchy of character can only be looked forward to as something like a calamity.

At the moment, when the problem of economic adjustment tends to throw all other human problems into shadow, fiction based on this problem is certain to evoke a large amount of immediate and very genuine interest. But novelists who stress this problem without taking sufficient account of the total complexity of elements which go to the making of even the simplest human being give us something much less interesting than we expect from the novel form. While it is true that in addition to man the moral being and man the psychological organism there is man the economic unit, it is also true that there is always simply man, who is all of these things at one and the same time. And it is on the synthesized projection of man considered in this sense that the unique interest of the novel must depend if it is to retain its identity as an art form.

WILLIAM TROY

A Very Royal Book

A Princess in Exile. By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. The Viking Press. $3.50.

THIS book is disappointing and decidedly inferior to "The Education of a Princess," although there is apparently much less ghost writing and editing in it than there was in that earlier book. This does not mean that the present bulky volume is uninteresting. On the contrary, it is extremely interesting as a psychological document. It teaches us much about the royal mentality, that mentality which for centuries characterized royalty all over Europe with the possible exception of England, where sovereigns have known how to adapt themselves. The Grand Duchess Marie is but the personification of her caste. For a few moments one felt tempted to forget this while reading "The Education of a Princess," which treated of such stupendous events that its tone could not but be affected by them. But once these events were passed, the author immediately became her old self again, this self which nothing seems likely to destroy, so powerful is the force in her of royal atavism.

All through her story, which, though interesting at times, is never enlivened by humor, the Grand Duchess looks at the world only from the point of view of her own imperious person. In her account of her brother's wedding ceremony, for example, she remarks that as she entered the church in Biarritz where it took place, she "felt eyes watching the expression of my face." Very likely what they were really watching for was the arrival of the bride. Royal persons, however, have been brought up in the idea that wherever they appear they become immediately the cynosure of all eyes, and it is probably impossible for this generation of royalty to rid itself of that idea. Another example of the royal mentality can be found in the Grand Duchess's description of her relations with her second husband, Prince Poutiatine, of whom she speaks all the time as if he had been a servant with whom she had reason to be displeased, whom she orders about with a splendid *désinvolture* which culminates in the declaration that her marriage with him "had been an unequal union."

Modern royalty in its palaces breathed a different atmosphere from that of ordinary mortals. It was always the one point around which everything converged. Centuries of selfish isolation had accustomed it never to give a thought to those who existed outside of it. From this point of view "A Princess in Exile" is, as I have remarked, instructive, but otherwise it is almost childish in its conviction that the few struggles which the author had to undergo were absolutely overwhelming and tragic.

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There were tragic events in her life, but her democratization and her so-called Americanization savor more of the comical than of the tragic. It is true that everything she tried to do she did earnestly, and often very well, but she did it from the personal, not from any human, point of view. There are some charming pages in her book—for instance, her description of Queen Marie of Rumania—but even here we find a naivete of which only a royal person would be capable. The book does not contain one page showing that the author is or could become interested in the actions or the welfare of those "beneath" her. All through it still runs the note that the world owes everything to a Grand Duchess, who owes nothing to anybody. Yet it is an entertaining book as well as a very royal book. It probably will be widely read, especially in America, where there exist so many of us who "dearly love a lord."

CATHERINE RADZIWILL

Chesterton on Chaucer

Chaucer. By G. K. Chesterton. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

WHEN I was a youth I read Chaucer at college, like most of us, because I had to, and discovered, rather to my surprise, that a troublesome body of "classic" verse, written in an idiom so archaic as to be almost a foreign language, contained on the whole less bad poetry than can be found in a single volume of Byron, Wordworth, Shelley, or Browning. It was a capital antidote for one brought up on the romantic tradition of English verse, for Chaucer lived in the Middle Ages, instead of writing about them rhapsodically; Chaucer, in other words, unlike his latest biographer, was not a romanticist. If Mr. Chesterton expended on his Middle Ages a tenth of the realism with which the period considered itself, the great bulk of his work (and it is more than a bit bulky) would gain considerably in historic value and insight. It was natural that he should seize upon the great Geoffrey as a *beau sujet,* Chaucer being much nearer to Mr. Chesterton's comprehension than Browning or Blake. That is, Chaucer, with all his genius, seems, like Rabelais afterward, a late medieval or an early Renaissance anticipation of Mr. Chesterton's lusty ideal of the "good fellow," the "regular guy." Chaucer presumably liked oddities and beer and the consolations of the church and the company of his fellow-men; and all these things, as we know from some fifty volumes, are liked by Mr. Chesterton. Perhaps there is only one important difference which divides the father of English poetry from his genial biographer. Chaucer, so far as we can judge, did love and enjoy his own time (*circa* 1360), and Mr. Chesterton, whatever he may say to the contrary, loathes and detests *his* own time. Doubtless it was not always so; doubtless the author of "The Everlasting Man" began, like most of us, with rather liking the time in which he had the experience of being born. His association with the austere Mr. Belloc seems to have brought about a conversion to antimodernity. Don Quixote taught Sancho Panza to abhor the wicked millionaire and the industrial slum and the Puritan uplifter, and, since these unpleasant phenomena were happily absent from the Middle Ages, to adore that period. This in turn has led Mr. Chesterton to exaggerate its alleged beauties, and also, by a singular but typical paradox, to romanticize his own time simply because he cannot stomach it as it really is. In short, if Mr. Chesterton expended more of his energy and wit in satirizing the real horrors and inanities of his actual period, the sort of thing which makes more decent people go Marx than go Thomas Aquinas, he would be at once more useful and more readable. He might also be less wealthy.

Mr. Chesterton's study of Chaucer, though generally the dullest he has yet written, contains several notable but little-noticed truths, imbedded, as usual, in a mass of brittle and brightly colored verbiage. It contains astonishingly little about Chaucer's poetry, but a great deal, as might be expected, about medieval and modern politics, finance, and religion. As a superficial study of the fourteenth century, it might be read as a counter to Mr. Trevelyan's "England in the Age of Wycliffe." In his second chapter, called the Age of Chaucer, the author has a good deal to say about the life and death of Chaucer's patron, Richard II, which he takes to be the first act in the tragedy of English monarchy. When a Tory starts to embellish British history he can be as romantic as any Whig. In fact, when it comes to lack of realism, the two party legends balance each other. Because Richard II, then a boy of fourteen, made all sorts of wild promises to the Labor rebels, he is held, forsooth, to be the champion of popular and democratic monarchy against a rising and predatory upper class, which then and there declared occult war against the lad. Richard was dethroned, as Mr. Chesterton well knows, because his cousin, Lancaster, wanted his place, and Cousin Lancaster had, we grieve to say, the backing of Mr. Chesterton's "democratic" English church. If only the medieval church (to say nothing of the modern one) would live up to Mr. Chesterton's roseate vision of it, he would have far less to prove, and would not have constantly, like Father William, to stand on his head to prove it. Thus he says, quite correctly, that the age of Chaucer was, in many ways, a decaying civilization, even a dying one, but a dying one by which a man might live; and even live merrily. In so far as Wycliffe and his Lollards wished to reform and purify its Catholicism they were right, but in so far as they wished to simplify it, the church was ten thousand times more right to crush them, for that *simplification* has ended in Calvin and Sister Aimee and the tin Bethel beyond the railroad tracks. And in closing he advises us not to desert the creed and civilization which he admires—even for the Soviet.

When Mr. Chesterton can prove, even by standing on his head, that his creed has not itself betrayed the civilization he admires, there will be no danger of deserting the "perpetually sinking ship."

CUTHBERT WRIGHT

Good Old Humor

Nothing but Wodehouse. Edited by Ogden Nash. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.39.

Hot Water. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THERE are lots of people, some of them personally known to me, who jump up and down when Mr. Wodehouse's name is mentioned. When they learn that he has written a new book, they cry aloud for joy. And doubtless when they hear that in the present "Nothing but Wodehouse" volume they may read "the contents of three books, a novel complete, over 1,000 pages, 24 stories," as the cover promises, they will froth at the mouth in a delirium of laughter. Frankly, I am not like that. I can take Mr. Wodehouse or leave him alone, and most of the time, even with a feast of 1,000 pages of his inimitable style before me, I prefer to do the latter.

I have reached this conclusion only after mature consideration. I have, in short, read Mr. Wodehouse. And having done so, I find myself regretfully obliged to differ from Ogden Nash, a humorist for whom I have the highest admiration. Mr. Nash says in his too brief foreword that although the woods are full of persons who would like to write like the Old Master, no one has been able to do it yet. I should doubt both of these statements. For Mr. Wodehouse's formula seems to me an all-too-simple one. Take the famous Jeeves stories, for example. You select a scion of the British aristocracy who is not quite bright;

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you give him for a gentleman's gentleman a man who talks a bad imitation of the too scholarly detective in the Benson murder stories, but who, nevertheless, is endowed with a Brain; you allow the scion a selection of friends gifted like himself, horses to bet on, beautiful girls who pursue or elude him, and maiden aunts who threaten to cut off his allowance. Then you sauce all this matter up with a generous helping of good old tea, chappies, rummy things, barging into rooms, and frequent references to getting the bird, biting the bullet, and the old lemon (meaning, dear, dear reader, the scion's head). You do all this and you have Mr. Wodehouse, although what you would want with him I leave to Ogden Nash, who is infinitely funnier and who does not need to be so loud, to explain.

And when, as in "Hot Water," you get Mr. Wodehouse writing about Americans and, particularly, attempting to depict life among the gangsters, the result is pretty hard to bear. Safeblowers and confidence men, meeting in southern France, do, of course, have to keep their hands in, and abstracting the "ice"—which Mr. Wodehouse believes is gansterese for jewels—from a ponderous American lady from California is a job, if not a large one. When you have introduced into the problem a Yale football player named Packy, a British intellectual who is missing, as Mr. Wodehouse would say, in the upper story, a United States Senator who, although he is the leader of the drys, is in danger of being blackmailed over a letter from his bootlegger, and a quota of ravishing young ladies, you have, I should judge, about the usual complications of a Wodehouse plot. Two chapters of it and I am crying into the pages of my Oxford Dictionary. To Mr. Nash, P. G. Wodehouse may be the Old Master; as far as I am concerned he is just another would-be funny man.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

War Guilt Again

Germany Not Guilty in 1914. By M. H. Cochran. The Stratford Company. $2.

THIS little book is a remarkably effective attack upon Bernadotte E. Schmitt's "Coming of the War, 1914," which won the George Louis Beer Prize of the American Historical Association and the Pulitzer Prize of 1931 for the best book of the year on American history. That it won the latter award is indeed curious, for the book has little to do with American history; it deals, rather, with the outbreak of the war in Europe, ostensibly in an objective and scholarly fashion, really in a prejudiced and misleading manner. Cochran sums up his indictment of it as follows:

> One can only say, at the end, that "The Coming of the War" contains a series of errors and misunderstandings of the origins of the World War on every crucial point from the making of the alliances through the outbreak of the war. It is unsound and its doctrines are unproved. It is full of errors of the most serious kind on racial, economic, military, and diplomatic matters. It is the most misleading book on the subject that has yet appeared.

It does not often happen that a professor attacks the work of a living colleague in such an extensive and intensive manner. Cochran's motive is to insure that Schmitt's distortions and misrepresentations shall not go unchallenged in their ultimate details any more than on general and particular issues such as have been raised in reviews. If one could be sure that his book would be read, there would be no doubt in the mind of this reviewer as to the success of his enterprise. For Cochran tracks down his quarry with extraordinary diligence. All that is really lacking is a skill in polemics—a skill, unfortunately, that rarely goes hand in hand with such detailed learning as this task required.

Cochran pounds away so appositely at Schmitt's extraordinary edifice that one can fairly hear the bricks falling as one reads. There is no dodge of the special pleader that does not come in for exposure and denunciation: distortion, mistranslation, ignoring of chronological sequence, use of secondary sources at crucial points where only primary material should be admitted, use of sources long since exposed as worthless, tipping the balance in favor of the Allied side wherever possible, and so on to the bitter end.

What have Shotwell, Fay, Schuman, Hayes, Scott, and Lingelbach, whose encomiums of Schmitt are quoted in the front of this book, to say now? Particularly I should like to know what Fay has to say, for his excellent work was passed over and high honors were accorded to Schmitt's rubbish. I leave it to the ironic gods to explain why Fay, who knows a great deal better, indorsed "The Coming of the War, 1914."

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Shorter Notices

Lenin. By James Maxton. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Few lives lend themselves so happily and so easily to a condensed and disciplined treatment as Lenin's. His character was so monolithic and his contribution so sharp that the usual long-range "verdict" of history is by no means so very essential. Unfortunately Mr. Maxton has written not really a biographical essay but a rather fat and somewhat slovenly pamphlet of the kind which serves as a text in labor-education groups. In one of Mr. Maxton's deep familiarity with international labor nothing can explain the few obvious factual mistakes except haste. Kerensky was never a member of the Social Revolutionists, unless one qualifies. And Lenin was not "president" of the government. Still, Lenin's spirit was so clear that it breaks through into a picture even in a rush job such as Mr. Maxton's; and the author was aided by his sympathy and large background for his subject. One should not be too hard on the leader of the British Independent Labor Party, whose valiant efforts are so largely consumed in fighting the ubiquitous spiritual corruption of MacDonaldism in English labor.

The English in India. A Problem of Politics. By Sir John A. R. Marriott. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

Marriott has written on English, Italian, Prussian, and Oriental history, and on constitutional history in general. In all cases his point of view has been the same. He has a great admiration for the imperial game and its players, considers it divinely or at least naturally ordained, and explains away questions of motive chiefly as irrelevancies. It is characteristic that in this book Lord Wellesley is his particular hero as in his "Makers of Modern Italy" it was the double-dealing Cavour. "The English in India" is less a history than an elaborate apologia. It is perhaps a good sign that Sir John should consider the defense necessary. That fact and its beautiful revelation of an imperialist mind are the chief contributions of this book, and in their way they are quite important. It may be added that Sir John commands an easy narrative style.

The Spanish Crown. 1808-1931. By Robert Sencourt. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

As its name implies, this is a dynastic history. The people of Spain are summoned briefly and dismissed in platitudinous generalizations. It is the kings and queens and ministers with whom Mr. Sencourt deals. His point of view is that monarchy is a mystical necessity and the monarch the high priest of *la patrie*. When they chase a monarch across the border it is because the Spaniards are changeable; when they call him back

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or hail his successor it is because they are constant. If the reader looks for nothing more than dynastic history and skips Mr. Sencourt's feeble conclusions and garishly prejudiced account of the recent revolution, he will find the book readable enough, for Mr. Sencourt is a graceful writer and shows some biographical skill in his account of the buffoons, voluptuaries, fanatics, egoists, and ignoramuses, royal and ministerial, who ran the court at Madrid and, after a fashion, the affairs of Spain for more than a hundred years.

Phases in the Religion of Ancient Rome and Other Classical Lectures. By Cyril Bailey. University of California Press. $4.

The religion of the Romans was a relatively immature development of animism. Its natural evolution was arrested by its formalization into state cults. That and the extension of the empire into regions with elaborate and attractive new religions led to syncretism. The old Roman beliefs settled into the country districts and to some extent still survive, with Christian modifications, in Italy. The upper classes wavered between skepticism and fashionable cults. Dr. Bailey admittedly makes no new contributions to his subject, but his thorough, orderly, and clear presentation gives his book distinction and value.

Poems. By Padraic Colum. The Macmillan Company. $2.

This is another collection of charming poems by the Irish poet, who, whether he lives in America or not, has always kept close to the Irish folk traditions. Padraic Colum's rhythms, his use of refrain, his subject matter, his quiet simplicity, all spring directly from familiarity with a rich folk song. His work shows no traces of being "literary"; he makes no use of symbols, as does Yeats; he sets forth no fixed personal philosophy as does Stephens. Colum's gift is lyric, and he sings. If he tells a story it is in ballad form. There is no obsessing passion here, but there is a large range of feeling, and Mr. Colum knows his Irish peasants, the tenderness, the pathos, the simple tragedy of their lives.

Drama

Ridi, Pagliaccio

DRAMATIC criticism, unlike acting, does not run in families, and perhaps it is for that reason that one never hears about the heroic traditions of the craft. Yet the column, no less than the play, "must go on." Though his heart may be breaking (or his stomach aching), the critic feels as imperative a necessity to be on one side of the curtain as the actor feels to be on the other, and the paper of the one must be "made up" no less infallibly than the face of the other. Why, then, are there no tales, plays, movies, or operas about the critic's noble devotion to his duty? What happens when he hears, ten minutes before the dead line, that his child is dying or that his wife has just eloped with a Literary Editor? We know, of course, what the actor does under similar circumstances. We know that he sinks the man in the artist and gives the funniest performance of his career. But the critic—does not he also pull himself together and write something like "The cast was adequate," just as though nothing had happened? Why, then, should he not be equally celebrated? We have our feelings too. We also are men. "If you cut us, do we not bleed?"

From this outburst the reader is expected to deduce that the author of the present column is confined to his bed, that he

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□ JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says □

ANOTHER LANGUAGE. Booth Theater. The family next door together with all its relatives and in-laws hilariously delineated.

BEST YEARS. Bijou Theater. Katherine Alexander in a sincere but not very novel story of a mother-ridden daughter.

BALLYHOO OF 1932. 44th Street Theater. Obstreperous and vulgar but funny review. (H. H.)

CLEAR ALL WIRES. Times Square Theater. Fast, furious, and funny melodrama about the doings of the correspondents in Moscow.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's racy account of a self-made lawyer.

FLYING COLORS. Imperial Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

HERE TODAY. Ethel Barrymore Theater. The adventures of some Algonquin wits among the respectables of Boston. With Ruth Gordon, Donald McDonald, and a choice collection of wise cracks.

OF THEE I SING. Music Box Theater. How a Presidential campaign looks to Kaufman, Ryskind, and Gershwin. If you have not seen it already you will.

SHOW BOAT. Ziegfeld Theater. Revival of an operetta which seems by way of becoming a classic.

THE MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD. Broadhurst Theater. Spectacular melodrama performed on a revolving stage and exhibiting socialistic leanings.

was physically unable to attend the performances of all the plays that he should have reviewed this week, but that, mindful of the traditions of his craft, he is determined nevertheless to prop himself upon his pillows and to perform his duty by commenting to the best of his ability upon the one show which he did see—namely, "Flying Colors" at the Imperial Theater.

Like the previous entertainments devised by its director, Howard Dietz, and sponsored by its producer, Max Gordon, "Flying Colors" belongs in that refined tradition which originated at the Music Box, and which was developed through the series of "Little Shows." Scorning the dreary pomposity of the typical Ziegfeld exhibition no less than the deafening vehemence of the Shubert review, it undertakes to beguile us with graceful dancing, well-mannered comedians, and sets which are soothingly rather than exasperatingly ingenious. If lavishness be the keynote of the "Follies," and noise be the keynote of the "Scandals," then taste is the keynote of the typical Dietz review, and it is taste which is conspicuous in nearly every scene of "Flying Colors." Talent also is there in abundance—notably in the persons of the faintly British Clifton Webb, of the sad-faced Charles Butterworth, of the casual Patsy Kelly, and of that intensely Slavic dancer Tamara Geva, whose very waltzes seem to express some never quite explained *Weltschmerz*. But despite the talent and despite several excruciatingly funny scenes—especially that of the too prolonged farewell at the dock—one is always aware (more than of anything else) how well-mannered it all is. In such a spectacle the review is moved as far away as it can possibly be got from the burlesque show, and seems designed especially for the entertainment of those well-groomed persons who have just dined too well to want anything deep but too elegantly to tolerate anything vulgar.

In short, "Flying Colors" is a first-rate show of its kind, and one which I enjoyed very thoroughly without, nevertheless, ceasing to wonder, as I have wondered before, just how far it is worth while to go in refining a species of entertainment which tends to show signs of anemia when it has been too drastically purged. To some persons the sort of taste exhibited by the dressmaker, the interior decorator, and the designer of toilet articles is a source of great aesthetic satisfaction. To me it becomes rapidly cloying, because the chic is no satisfactory substitute for the beautiful. And if "Flying Colors" has a fault, it is exactly the fault of being almost too impeccably chic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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